

FRANK LESLIE'S NEDDIE'S PAPER

NEWSPAPER

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PRIMEVAL MAN.

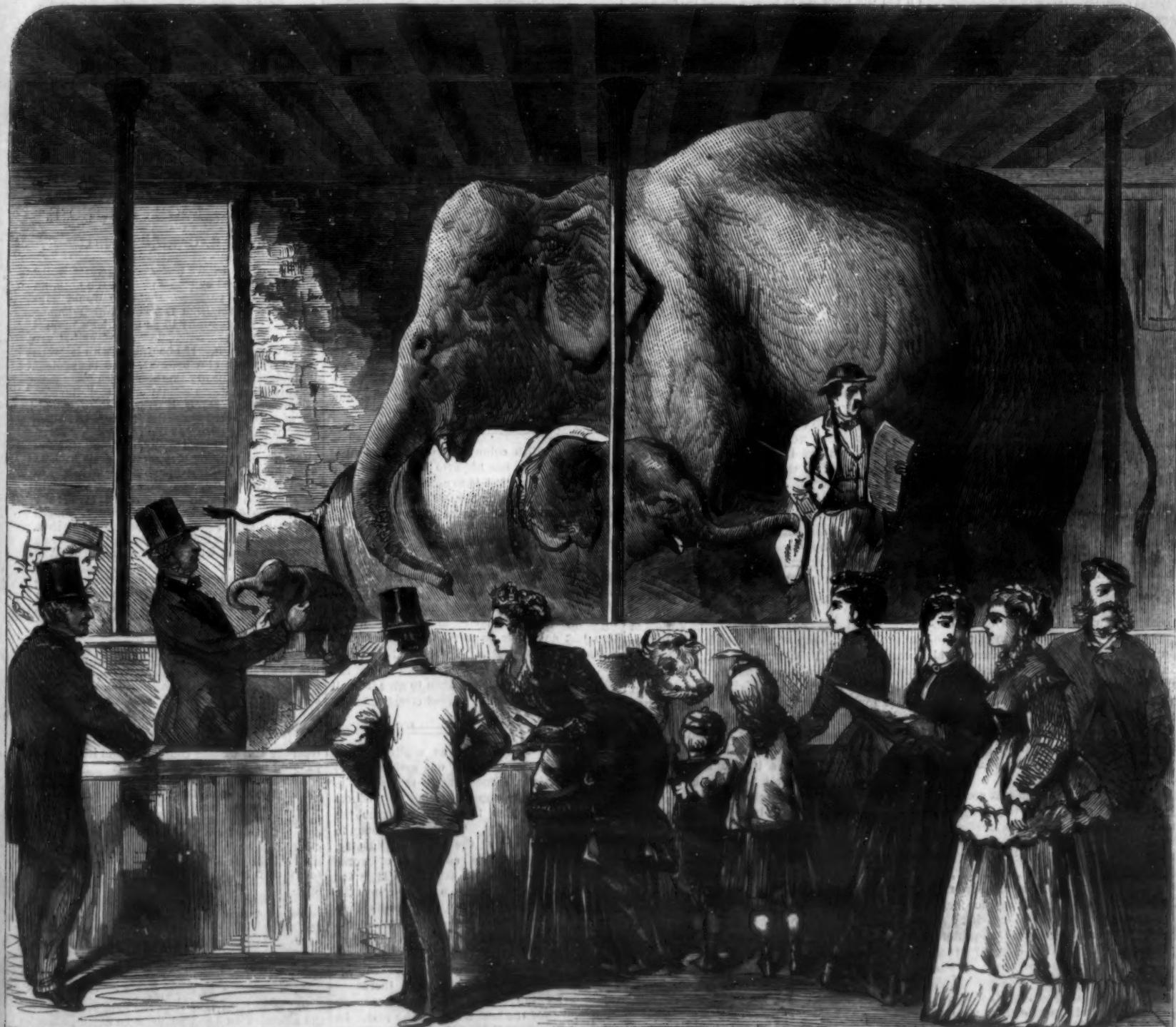
How long the Onondaga stone-giant imposture may be kept up we will not undertake to say. It will probably take its course with the Newark "Holy Stones," and the Grave Creek Inscription. But it must not be supposed that because these antiquarian frauds are so constantly recurring, there are no real discoveries of real archaeological interest. One of these has lately been made in the Greek Islands of Santorin and Therasia, from which great quantities of indurated volcanic material, *tufa*, of the consistence of stone, have been taken for the breakwater of the Mediterranean terminus of the Suez Canal. On the southern face of the last-named island quarries have been opened in the cliffs, here from twelve to thirteen hundred feet high. The upper stratum of *tufa*, or, as the Italians call it, *pazzojona*, varies a little more or less from a hundred feet in thickness. It is itself covered with rich soil and populous villages of ancient date. But the interesting fact is, that beneath this thick layer of *tufa* are found the remains of stone buildings of great regularity of design. The masonry is quite different from that at present in use in the islands, and consists of irregular blocks of lava, laid



CENTRAL PARK.—THE HADROSAURUS FOULKII, RESTORED.
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one above the other, and the interspaces filled in with a reddish-colored volcanic ash. Among the walls are laid, in every direction, long branches of olive wood, apparently to bind the walls together, and prevent their overthrow by earthquakes. Pieces of roughly-hewn stone-work mark the places of doors and windows, of all of which, however, the lintel was of wood. The roofs were composed of a layer of stones and volcanic earth, about a foot thick, supported on rafters inserted in the walls. One instance of a building of two stories was disclosed. Crouching in the corner of one apartment was found the skeleton of a man, doubled up, as if crushed under the falling roof. Much of his property had escaped destruction. There were found vessels of earthenware and lava, grain, straw, bones of animals, and tools of flint, but no traces of metals. Large yellow jars, some of the capacity of twenty gallons, containing barley, pease, anise, etc., were also discovered. Smaller vases of earthenware, painted and ornamented, were found with these. One lava vessel was identified as an oil press; another as a hand-mill, etc., etc.

We have here, then, a buried town, evidently much older than Pompeii, built by a people who, although they had not yet learned to work in metals, had made a consider-



CENTRAL PARK.—E. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, ESQ., PREPARING A MODEL IN CLAY OF THE GREAT ELEPHANT AT THE OLD ARSENAL.—SEE PAGE 203.

able advance in civilization. They had domestic animals, cultivated various kinds of grain, grew olives and pressed oil. They had no tools of metal, but, nevertheless, with their implements of flint made a fair progress in architecture and the arts.

Who were these people, buried a hundred feet deep under the *tufa* of Santorin and Therasia? There can be no doubt that these islands once formed but one, in the midst of which rose the cone of a great volcano over three thousand feet high. At some time in the distant past a tremendous and sudden eruption covered all its flanks with the layer of pumice which now forms the crust of Santorin and Therasia. Afterward (we cannot tell how long, but we may suppose as a part of the same awful convulsion of nature) the mountain that had spread all this ruin around it broke away and sank down, leaving, as it were, a great bowl, the edges of which were formed by a border of land now represented by the islands. Through a breach in the north of this border the sea poured and filled the bay. Since then the volcanic powers have frequently been active. In the year 196 B. C. an island rose in the middle of the bay, and quite lately, if we remember rightly, some rapid changes in the land were attracting considerable attention.

These discoveries are specially interesting now, when the subject of Primeval Man is eminently the question of the day.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

COMMITTEE of fairs, exhibitions, dedications, and everything of a similar nature, will confer a favor by notifying the publisher of this Paper at as early a date as possible, so that arrangements may be made for illustration.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND
THE CLERGY IN THE UNITED
STATES.

The illustrations of Church Architecture in the United States which FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is furnishing in the pictures of religious edifices, is proving, as we were sure it would prove, one of the most interesting features in current publications. Photography happily lends its beautiful aid in securing accurate representations, which our engravers present with equal fidelity in enduring form for public scrutiny.

One great merit of these illustrations is, that they are confined to the edifices of no one sect or section. The religious structures of all denominations and all parts of the United States are impartially exhibited, with a degree of fullness and fairness that renders them an important portion of our social and public history, accompanied as they are by facts respecting the various congregations and their pastors—the latter with portraits and biographical notices—and other relevant matters.

This branch of our regular illustrations is well worthy of the attention it excites among the people of all sects and of no sects—all who wish the truth to be correctly presented in pictorial as well as descriptive form, in a way fitted for ready reference, not only by readers generally, but also by the students of history, especially of ecclesiastical history, in after times, as well as in the present.

It is obvious that such a collection of pictures of ecclesiastical edifices must exercise good effect on Church Architecture, by enabling people everywhere to examine and compare the aspects of existing churches, of all sects, in all quarters, as a proper preliminary in preparing plans for new edifices. Comparison is an effective teacher, showing what to adopt and what to avoid, and, therefore, facilities for this purpose, as furnished by these admirable illustrations, are of great public service, as well as of individual and social interest.

The facts concerning the different sects and congregations, and concerning the clergymen who minister at their altars, are necessarily selected and condensed so as to present the greatest amount of useful information in the briefest space—ample enough, however, to furnish the ordinary reader or the historian with data for correct judgment, and for facilitating further inquiry whenever requisite.

In the portraits and notices of the pastors, changing as are most of the clergy in their locations, thousands upon thousands of parishioners are enabled to trace the whereabouts and indulge in reminiscences of the worthy men who, in the mutations of clerical "calls," are translated from the scenes where they formerly ministered to attentive congregations.

The people and the pastors may thus, as it were, keep up a sort of "speaking acquaintance," even though widely separated.

We invite attention to these matters, not merely on the part of our readers, but also on the part of religious societies and pastors "of all sects in all sections," with the hope of seeing those illustrations even more fully and widely appreciated, and rendered, if possible, still worthier of the general approbation already bestowed on this interesting department of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

DO LIKEWISE.

We have had frequent occasion to speak of that excellent institution, the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." We perceive that an auxiliary society has just been established in Baltimore, and we have before us a letter showing how deep a hold its objects are taking on the intelligence and sympathy of the women of our city. This letter, addressed to Mr. Bergh, the President of the Society, was not, of course, intended for publication, but as we suppress the name of the writer, we see no good reason why it should not be printed, but with the behest to the reader, so far as it may be in his or her power, "Go thou and do likewise."

NEW YORK, November 10, 1869.

HENRY BUNN, Esq.—Dear Sir: I believe you have not been apprised of the fact that my father, one of the members of your Society, has passed away to the better life, where, among other problems, the one why dumb animals should be subjected to lives of misery and ill-usage will be satisfactorily explained to him. He took a great interest in your Society, and entertained an admiration almost enthusiastic for your noble efforts in the cause in which you are engaged, and for your steady and courageous perseverance in a movement which, at its outset, was so unpopular. He exerted himself much to establish a society at New Haven, but extreme delicacy of health and increasing years prevented him from accomplishing the desire he had at heart.

As I have always shared equally with him a great interest in the cause, and have ever used my feeble efforts to inculcate feelings of humanity among all about me in the treatment of all the dumb creation, even incurring any amount of ridicule in my endeavors, which I willingly bear if the smallest amount of good can result from an effort, I should feel gratified if you will allow me to become one of the life members of your Society, and so enclose a check for \$100 (half of which, I believe, entitles to life membership), and to ask you to devote the remainder to the good of the Society.

Would it be convenient to send me a few of your admirable pamphlets relative to the use of the check-rein? for I find there exists a prejudice in its favor, difficult to combat, among many who pride themselves on the fine appearance of their horses; and I only wish this false idea of beauty, which causes torture to the horse, could be exploded.

I hope you will not deem me intrusive if I were to ask if something might not be done by degrees which would eventually prevent the use of dogs for heavily laden ashcarts. The dogs employed were never intended for beasts of burden, and I have often been distressed by cruelties of this kind, which I was helpless to prevent. With respect, E. M. G.

PHYSIOLOGICAL STUDIES FOR
WOMEN.

There is a fashion in ignorance as in other things. The time is not very long past when ladies of fashion in Europe thought it rather vulgar than otherwise to know how to spell, and there is always something or other which it highly concerns us to know, yet about which profound ignorance is the fashion, and knowledge is regarded as improper because unusual.

The ignorance of women in particular on many important matters is, in great degree, a mere result of the fact that it is not customary for them to acquire knowledge of some kinds, and that it is, for this reason, considered highly indecorous that they should do so. Within the last fifteen years—nay, even later than that—it was considered something almost shocking that a woman should know Greek and Latin; and at the present time, except with a few very advanced persons, it is thought to be in the last degree indecent that girls or women should be taught anything about the structure of their own bodies. The beautiful and highly complicated organism which every human creature carries about for all the years of life, and which is capable of giving so much pain or so much pleasure—whose healthy or unhealthy condition influences the state of both mind and soul—is yet that one thing about which, both in structure and functions, the majority of persons are thoroughly ignorant. This ignorance, in great part, is the result of fashion and consequent prejudice.

It is, however, not to be left unnoticed that with regard to girls a knowledge of human physiology is considered by certain well-meaning persons to be highly improper—rather indecent, in fact. We have heard of a schoolmistress who rebuked an "advanced" governess for giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood, and among other injunctions laid it down as a rule that girls ought only to be taught about the surfaces of things, remarking that "these poor, dear, innocent girls don't know anything about their own insides." To this the governess replied—and we entirely agree with her—"More's the pity. There would not be so much ill-health among girls and women if they did know something about

their insides." In particular the evil habits of tight-lacing, high-heeled boots, and other injurious modes of dress would never prevail, if women knew the penalties which they thereby incur.

But fashions do change. Ladies now-a-days do not willfully run counter to the canons of orthography laid down by the best authorities; a knowledge of the dead languages is no longer considered to be synonymous with an utter defiance of the usual proprieties of life; and the time may come, we hope at no very distant interval, when a knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body and of the general laws of health will be considered as essential to the education of all, girls and boys, as an acquaintance with reading, writing, and common arithmetic.

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.—From 1848, inclusive, 5,996 miles of railway were built in the United States. From 1849 to 1860, there were opened 24,637 miles more. In the eight years since 1860, there have been 11,642 miles constructed; of which 2,979 were the work of the year 1868 alone. Thus, for the first nineteen years after 1830 the average number of miles of railway built was but 310, while since 1848 the average number for twenty years has been 1,814 miles, and the present rate of construction is greater than ever. It is only fair to add that almost every line of road which was in operation in 1848 has been reconstructed since that time, and that their structure and equipment have been improved more than their extent has been increased; so that there is no exaggeration in saying that the railroads of this country are the work of twenty years; the actual savings of the people, for that time, have taken this form; the surplus industry of the United States, above that consumed in other ways, has been productively invested in this great system of highways. The cost of these 42,255 miles of railway is given by the companies as \$1,850,000,000. But this includes a large amount of watered stocks and bonds; the actual cost of the roads being about three-quarters of this sum, or \$1,400,000,000.

THE myths relating to creation among the aborigines of America rather relate to a reconstruction than to a creation of matter out of nothing, most of them having no idea of a time when matter was non-existent, as according to the generally accepted reading of the first chapters of Genesis. This is the legend of the Quiches of Guatemala: "This is the first word and the first speech. There were neither men nor brutes; neither birds, fish, nor crabs, stick nor stone, valley nor mountain, stubble nor forest, nothing but the sky. The face of the land was hidden. There was naught but the silent sea and sky. There was nothing joined, nor any sound, nor thing that stirred; neither any to do evil, nor to rumble in the heavens, nor a walker on foot; only the silent waters, only the pacified ocean, only it in its calm. Nothing was but stillness, and rest, and darkness, and the night; nothing but the Maker and Moulder, the Hurler, the Bird Serpent. In the waters, in a limpid twilight, covered with green feathers, slept the mothers and the fathers. Over this passed Hurakan, the mighty wind, and called out Earth, and straightway the solid land was there."

IN the British colony of Victoria a grant of \$250,000 a year has hitherto been made "in aid" of religion, but it is now to be gradually withdrawn, decreasing \$50,000 every year, till it is extinguished. The cause of the change of feeling on the subject is not a little curious. The grant is to all denominations, and even the Jews after a severe fight got some, but then came the Chinese and put in their claim, and the Australians could not stand paying for joss-houses. It never seems to have occurred to them that to tax Chinamen to support churches was just as unfair as to tax Christians for the support of joss-houses. To refuse help to all alike is easy statesmanship, but we do not see why it is more righteous than to give it to all alike. Buddhism is not a creed clearly inimical to civilization.

THE study of the Fine, as applied to the Useful Arts, is one carried out systematically and effectively in France, and to this is due, to a large extent, the superiority in Art products in France, and also to a great degree the wealth of the country. There is now open in the spacious saloons of the Palace of Industry, in Paris, a remarkable collection of works of Art, both ancient and modern. It is the third retrospective museum formed by the members of the "Central Union of the Fine Arts applied to Industry." The aim of the society is to collect and exhibit periodically as many of the finest works of ancient, and especially medieval, Art as can be brought together, with the object of giving increased facilities for the art-workmen of France to study and copy the best works of the past. In the present year the purpose of the society was to form exclusively a museum of Oriental

objects; thus tapping one of the richest and least-known veins of early Art for the study of the apt and intelligent Parisian workman.

THE London papers draw some remarkable contrasts between the men recently dead—Mr. George Peabody and the Marquis of Westminster—reputed to be among the richest men in the world. Of the great and constantly increasing wealth of the late marquis, the *Spectator* says it has this peculiarity, that "unless Heaven sends a spendthrift into the family to which the marquis belonged, to the relief of mankind, their hoard may increase indefinitely. English millionaires," it adds, "as a rule, have forgotten how to give," and it intimates that Mr. Peabody will be remembered when the name of the marquis is forgotten.

DR. LIVINGSTONE reports that he has discovered a large tribe in Africa, in a region called Rua, living in underground houses—perhaps the very *Troglodytes* of the ancients. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them; the "writings" therein, Dr. Livingstone was told by some of the people, are on wings of animals, and not letters. The people are said to be very dark, and well-made.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, with the Byron scandal in his memory, "Could Tennyson have been anticipating some future biographer of himself when, forty years ago, he wrote—

For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:
"Proclaim the faults he would not show!
Break lock and key! betray the trust!
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know!"

THERE has just been published a Japanese History of the British Parliament, compiled from Hallam and other authorities. It has been appropriately issued at Jeddah, where the first Japanese parliament has recently commenced its labors; and it is doubtless intended to help them to a knowledge of legislative functions.

HITHERTO no Jews have been admitted to any Austrian university as professors. This prohibition has now been removed, and the first Jewish professor has been appointed in the person of Dr. Mauthner, who has obtained the chair of ophthalmic surgery in the University of Innsbruck.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

I THINK that I have never seen greater fright than that caused by bleeding from the nose, an occurrence so common, that one would suppose that alarm from it was well-nigh impossible. The community in general look upon it as a fearful occurrence, and great efforts are made to arrest it. If one taken with it stops in the street or at a hydrant, some benevolent individual is sure to come along with some plan for arresting it. Epistaxis, as it is termed scientifically, is rarely, if ever, in itself a matter of much seriousness. Few boys but have had "a bloody nose," as the result of a fitful amusement; and with many, a sneeze, the excitement of running or exercise, a slight cold affecting the mucous membrane—in fact, the most trivial cause, as a plate of hot soup, will be sufficient to start the flow. It generally escapes only fast enough as to drop with more or less rapidity; but sometimes it flows in a stream and for a longer period, till nausea and faintness result, which is often sufficient as to arrest the flow.

Sometimes it is a remedy, sometimes a warning—more rarely in itself a disease. As a remedy, it is nature's method of blood-letting; an old-fashioned method of curing many diseases, reducing inflammations, and overcoming plethora. It is out of fashion just now, but besides being indicated by nature itself—the best of all advisers—it is too powerful a remedy ever to be neglected entirely, and is sure, some day, to be as favorite a treatment as ever it was. As a remedy, more particularly in the young, it shows that the circulation is too full, and it is intended to and does relieve the head from the threatening congestion and its accompanying heaviness, headaches, etc.

As a warning, it tells us that we may be living too high, and exercising too little. In young men it is often a substitute for hemorrhoids; in young women it may indicate that the periodic functions have not been proper and sufficient. It is a vicarious substitution, and nature's hint should be accepted, and judicious treatment and habits be adopted to correct the fault.

It is more especially a warning when it appears as a new thing in persons of full habits and advanced life. It shows that there is some important disturbance in the circulation, which requires attention. It may be a mere passive congestion of the head, or it may indicate some mechanical compression of the vessels, causing a bursting of the weaker ones.

But more important than the hemorrhage, is the arrest of an habitual periodic hemorrhage of this character. Such stoppages are apt to be followed by headaches, vertigo, and apo-

plexy itself. When such a cessation of an habitual custom occurs, and especially if there be perceived a fullness in the head, evinced by any sensations, or flushed face and swelled vessels, the advice of a judicious physician should be sought. He will be most apt to advise some saline aperients, care in diet, exercise, and possibly recommend occasional small bleedings from the arm, which advise the individual would be unwise not to follow, even if unfashionable, and the more so if, by reason of configuration, family tendency, or any other reason, he may fear cerebral difficulties.

It may, however, proceed from actual disease in the nostrils. A polypus in the nose is not unfrequently the cause of persistent bleedings, and may be suspected if there seem to be a filling up of the cavity, and a continuous mucous discharge of a catarrhal character. Nasal polyps are, perhaps, never benefited by snuffs or washes. The only cure is their removal by a surgical operation. Occasionally they become disorganized, and disappear by suppuration, but this is rare.

Ulcerations of both benign and malignant character are indicated also by epistaxis. An intermediate discharge, often but not necessarily fetid, will indicate its existence. These require the treatment of a surgeon, and should not be tampered with. If of venereal or cancerous nature, they are so serious that there should be no delay in the treatment.

The treatment of ordinary epistaxis is sufficiently simple—cold water to the nose and temples, a piece of cold metal to the back of the neck, by reflex action producing a kind of chill and contraction of the superficial vessels, generally arresting the hemorrhage.

I have found in my own case, having always been subject to this annoyance, that, compressing the nostril from which the blood flowed with one hand, and raising the other as high as possible over my head, the current of blood was diverted, but a clot soon formed within the nostril, and slowly extended to the ruptured vessel, and plugged its open mouth. Care is requisite, in "washing up," afterward not to wash away this coagulum, and again start the flow.

If such simple means are inefficient to stop the flow, fill the nostril with a bit of cotton wool until it is so effectually plugged that the blood cannot flow out, and let it remain some hours. If the cavity of the nostrils fill up, and the blood, continuing to escape, runs back into the mouth, with accompanying prostration and nausea, a surgeon will be requisite to stop up this back passage by an operation of some difficulty and annoyance. Both passages being thus mechanically closed, further bleeding is impossible, and the surgeon who does this will counsel such remedies as may be necessary to prevent its return.

Purpura, a disease of great seriousness, and scurvy, are both attended by copious hemorrhage in this and other localities, and their general treatment will be necessary to overcome this local manifestation.

In certain cases epistaxis depends upon some obscure constitutional cause, and can only be overcome by severe medical treatment, by most powerful remedies. It would be inappropriate to dilate upon them here.

My friend, if you are subject to these bleedings, you will find them occur always at the wrong time. If you are away from home, with a pair of white breeches on, a spurt is sure to sprinkle them all over, and send you back again. If you are at a picnic or a hop, just as your turn comes to dance with Laura Matilda, who has been too much pleased with that "confounded puppy, Fitz Noodle," you must rush for a wash-bowl, and the "thing never will stop." The consequence of this habit is, that you never dare to hurry for fear of the consequences. You learn the locality of every wash-closet, or every hotel and barroom and barber-shop throughout the city. Your pockets are constantly stuffed out with pocket-handkerchiefs. You can't go out of town to spend a half day or a summer's night without a valise full of shirts, vests, pants, etc. The heat of every lecture-room compels you to leave before the exercises are half through, etc., etc.

In short, the "nose bleed," in the vast majority of cases, is more an annoyance than a danger, usually outgrown, and at least its frequency much diminished as we reach middle life. Some superstitiously imagine that wearing amber beads or a blood-stone around the neck will prevent it. For my own part, I have frequently had it half a dozen times a day for periods of weeks, not to return again for a month. I have found that, generally, the great thing to do is not to get frightened.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

We can scarcely say that we have been astonished by seeing the broad and masterly manner in which the painter has laid in this painting—the last ordered by Congress from an American artist. We have so long known Powell's capacity and honest strength, that we had been prepared to see the sketch of a noble work. He has amply justified our expectation. Naturally enough, the boat's crew, among whom Perry and his son are being rowed from his own vessel to another, are pretty nearly the same as they were in what we can regard as no more than the hint for this composition—the picture which he painted some three or four years since for the State Legislature, as we believe, of Ohio. In that picture, the figure of Perry and his son, with the hardy seamen, well-nigh comprised the whole of the subject. Space had not been afforded him to develop the idea which had germinated. In commanding a work on the same theme, of four times the size, Congress has shown that it appreciated the ability of one who, at the present day, certainly stands a head and shoulders above any painter of legitimate history in America. Of course it would be useless, while the picture is unfinished, to enter

into any elaborate and detailed criticism, other than of the drawing and composition. Upon the left is the stern of the vessel which Perry is leaving, stricken and rent by the shot of the enemy. In the boat Perry is standing erect, as if unconscious of the danger to which he is exposing himself. His son is clinging to him. The crew are true "salts," every one of them, and strain to their oars with a will, as if they felt that the welfare of their country depended upon their individual nerve and muscle. Yonder is the flag of Great Britain, and there is our own. For a moment, unfinished as the picture is, we realize the scene, and say, "God speed the gallant boys on their task," so full of vitality is their action, and such honest and hearty pluck beams from their seamed and weather-beaten faces. A dying body is sinking in the rushing waves near them, and the whirling smoke of the battle eddies among the craft which compose the two opposing squadrons. As regards the drawing, this is as always in Powell's work, masterly; and incomplete as the work now is, we have no hesitation in predicting that, when finished, it will, as a historical painting, take a rank in advance of any which has, up to the present day, proceeded from an American pencil.

It is being strenuously proceeded with by him, at the armory adjoining the French Theatre in Fourteenth street—its size, thirty feet by fifteen, rendered it an impossibility for him to paint it in any studio of ordinary magnitude.

THE PALEONTOLOGICAL STUDIO AT CENTRAL PARK.

The Commissioners of the Central Park are continually ordering improvements of a liberal and interesting character for that favorite resort. Almost every month witnesses the completion of some new idea, and even at this date there are views and structures that must find favor in the sight of every visitor. To those scientifically inclined, the Paleontological Studio at the Museum (old Arsenal), is now, although in its infancy, a most pleasing and valuable addition. Under the direct supervision of B. Waterhouse Hawkins, F. L. S., F. G. S., who has been selected to attend to the restoration of fossils illustrating ancient life upon this continent, the Studio has become a very busy department.

Mr. Hawkins's latest work was the fashioning of a model in clay of an Indian elephant, the subject being the colossal "Empress," now over thirty years of age. The work was performed in the basement of the Museum, and the monstrous elephant was always attended by the frisky baby, who disported itself by thrusting its trunk into the pockets of bystanders, in quest of apples, oranges and bonbons.

Another duty of Mr. Hawkins, and one of more intense interest, is to collect fossil or other remains of animals and reptiles that once existed upon the earth, but are now extinct.



A specimen of this class is found in the skeleton of the *Hadrasaurus Foulkii*, a gigantic creature, exhibiting the characteristics of a reptile, which was discovered at Haddonfield, N. J.

The skeleton is twenty-six feet in length and fourteen in height, and forms the centre of the principal group in the Studio.

ONE OF THE MOST SINGULAR SUICIDES ON RECORD.—From Cannelton, Indiana, comes the story of a boy named Stanley Clark who, a few days ago, committed suicide because his mother would not give him money to attend the Owensboro Fair. He was sitting in company with his widowed mother and the children, in the family sitting-room, when the subject of the fair came up incidentally. Not the slightest apparent importance was given to the matter; it was talked of like any other of the thousand and one little topics which we all talk of daily around our firesides, when Stanley remarked: "Mother, I wish you would let me have a little money; I believe I'll go to that fair." To this his mother replied: "Stanley, I do wish you wouldn't ask me for money to go there. I wish you would not go. You are only eighteen years old, and I do not think it wise or safe for you to be keeping so much company. I want you to stay at home with us, and you know I want to make home as pleasant for you and all of us as I can. As your mother, I dread the idea of your getting into bad company or temptation." To this he rather smilingly answered: "You will let me have it, mother, I know," or words to that effect, while he turned into his private room, where, before we can tell it, the family were shocked by the discharge of a pistol, and rushing in, they found him on the floor, lying on his back, stark, pulseless, and gory, the red current of his life still streaming from the fatal orifice.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

YANKEE origination is universal and ubiquitous. Fourteen thousand patents will, it is estimated, be granted by the United States office this year, and two applications are rejected for every one granted.

Most people suppose, or would be apt to suppose, that working copper would be more dangerous to health than working in other metals. But statistics show that during the last two cholera epidemics in France all kinds of workers in copper enjoyed a remarkable immunity.

The old monopoly of classical studies is giving way on all sides. At Cambridge, England, the four Members' Prizes, annually given for Latin essays, are to be changed to two of double value, one for an essay on some subject connected with British history or literature.

A new kind of gunpowder has been invented by M. Brugere, of the gunnery school of Grenoble, France, composed of 54 parts picrate of ammonia and 46 parts of saltpetre, which is said, as compared with ordinary gunpowder, its energy is double, and that its effects are more regular. It leaves only a quarter of the solid residue of ordinary gunpowder, and the smoke is small in quantity, and inodorous.

A GERMAN professes to have counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has just published the results. On the head of the blonde there were 140,419 hairs; on that of the brown-haired woman, 109,440; on that of the black-haired, 102,982; and on that of the red-haired, 83,740. Although there was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each crop was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, on the same authority, to be 14 ounces.

Mr. C. T. Hall, who has lately returned from the Arctic regions, has an hypothesis of his own about the Aurora lights. He thinks that the boreal display is produced by the rays of the sun, which are reflected from clouds surrounding the pole to the ice and snow of the Arctic regions, and are thence again reflected to the clouds, and so back and forth until it comes within our range of vision. The glancing and flashing of the columns of light, he declares, are caused by the motion of the clouds.

A HOPEFUL philosopher thinks the time may come when a man's words will be made to write themselves down automatically as fast as they come from his lips—when a speech will yield a sound picture, or a *onomogram*, that we may gaze upon as we now do upon a light-picture, and translate as we do the notes of a piece of music. Light, he says, is a wave motion, and the chemist has found a substance which the waves, as they dash against it, can transform or transmute; and so we have got photography. Sound is a wave motion; its waves are as breakers—light's are as ripples; the former large and slow, the latter small and rapid. Now, since we have got the substance that is impersimilable by the little weak waves, why should we despair of finding a substance that will alter under the influence of the great, strong ones? We can make a lamp-glass ring with the voice pitched to a certain note; soon we may cause the same sound to vibrate a body that will make a mark on paper as it swings, and then we can make another working body vibrate to another sound, and so on up the gamut. Thus we shall get an apparatus which will mark the notes of a melody, each as it is sung; and after this it is not difficult to conceive a series of vibrators, each attuned to one of the few separate and distinct sounds that the human voice can utter. Here will be an analogue to the photographer's camera. Placed before a speaker, such an apparatus will sonograph all he has to say.

BOOK NOTICES.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE THOMAS HEDGER GENIN.

A memorial work, consisting of a collection of papers and poems written by Mr. Genin between the years 1816 and 1868, with an extended biographical sketch. Distinguished among the early anti-slavery agitators, his best efforts are directed against negro servitude; but the tariff, agriculture, manufactures, banking, etc., are the subjects of forcibly written essays. Of the poems, the "Napolead," in twelve books, was well spoken of by J. Q. Adams, De Witt Clinton, and Henry Clay. The minor poems, which make up the rest of the book, are probably equally worthy of commendation.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From SHELDON & CO.: "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards, and Part I. of "Put Yourself in His Place," by Charles Read.

From VIRTUE & YORSTON: "The Art Journal," for November, with large steel engravings and woodcuts in the highest style of art.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS: "Robert Graham" and "Popping the Question."

From CLARK & MAYNARD: "Wiley's Elocution and Oratory."

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.: A volume of "Poems," by Mrs. Frances Dana Gage.

THE CLOCK THAT STRUCK THIRTEEN AT MIDNIGHT.—The story of the clock of St. Paul's Church, London, striking thirteen times at midnight, and how it saved a man's life, is thus told: "Most people have heard something about the tradition that a soldier, whilst on guard at Windsor Castle, during the reign of William III., declared that he heard the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral strike thirteen at midnight. Here is the original story—not generally known—from the *Public Advertiser* of Friday, June 22, 1770: 'Mr. John Hatfield, who died last Monday at his house in Glasshouse Yard, Aldersgate, aged 102, was a soldier in the reign of William and Mary, and the person who was tried and condemned by a court-martial for falling asleep on his duty upon the Terrace at Windsor. He absolutely denied the charge against him, and solemnly declared that he heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen, the truth of which was doubted by the court, because of the great distance. But, while he was under sentence of death, affidavit was made by several persons that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve; whereupon he received his majesty's pardon. The above his friends caused to be engraved on his plate, to satisfy the world of the truth of a story which had been much doubted, though he had often confirmed it to many gentlemen, and, a few days before his death, told it to several of his neighbors. He enjoyed his sight and memory to the day of his death.'

DR. LIVINGSTONE has discovered underground cities, where thousands of people live, in Africa. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them. The "writings" therein, he has been told by some of the people, are on wings of animals, and not letters.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

RISTORI is in Buenos Ayres.

MISS FIFIELD composed and executed "The Fat Man's March," and received \$3,000 therefor.

A FUNERAL hymn by Rev. Dr. Neale, called "Safe Home," is in vogue at English funerals.

NILSSON was lately paid \$2,500 in gold to sing at one concert in Brighton, England.

MISS ANNA CARY, of Maine, is gaining great favor by her singing at the Brussels opera.

MORGAN SMITH, a colored tragedian, is playing at Aberdeen, Scotland.

MRS. BOWERS has been giving the people of Memphis her ideas of Mary Stuart.

FECHTER will appear at Niblo's, New York, in German.

MAURICE NEVILLE is to play Richard III. in German, at the Stadt Theatre, New York.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATTHEWS talk of making a professional visit to this country soon.

WEDDINGS in England are now enlivened by full choral music.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI's opera, "Pietro di Medici," will be revived at Milan during the Carnival season.

NORMAN-NERUDA, the lady violinist, has met with great success in the Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig.

FERDINAND POHL, known in Northern Europe as a successful performer on musical glasses, has died at Darmstadt in his eighty-ninth year.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI's first six performances this season at the Italians, brought in 17,400 francs.

JOHN JONES, a harpist of rare ability, and one of the most distinguished of the modern Welsh bards, is dead.

JENNY LIND, Sims Reeves and Santley are all coming to America this season, and will be heard in concert.

PATTI has declined an offer of a million of francs to sing for ten months in the new serious opera which Offenbach has composed to a libretto by Sardou.

MAPLESON's company of Italian opera-singers are giving a series of performances of standard operas at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

THE beautiful Rose Eytinge will grace the stage no longer, as she has become the wife of Mr. Butler.

BOUCHAULT has written over 150 theatrical pieces, and his literary income amounts to over \$60,000 yearly.

WAGNER, the musician of "the future," is about to be married to Madame Hans de Bulo, the divorced wife of the late director of the Munich Conservatoire, and a daughter of Liszt.

A YOUNG lady of New York is about to appear on the stage, adopting the theatrical profession to support her family, which has recently met with reverses.

THE organ-concerts at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, held every Saturday afternoon, are immensely popular. The admission fee is very small, and the music of the highest type.

THE question of obtaining uniformity in the plain song and Gregorian chant used in the Roman church will, it is said, be discussed at the forthcoming Council.

It is proposed to signalize Mille. Nilsson's return to Paris, in January, by the production of "Robert le Diable": Alice, Mille. Nilsson; Isabella, Madame Carvalho.

EDWIN ADAMS took his farewell benefit at the California Theatre, San Francisco, on the 29th of October, appearing as Vapid in "The Dramatist," and William in "Black-Eyed Susan."

MES. JOHN WOOD is greatly praised by the London critics for having made the St. James's Theatre so pretty and attractive, and for doing away with all the petty extortions which characterize the English pieces of amusement.

THE charming opera of "William Tell" was brought out by Max Maretzki at the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday evening, November 23. The role of Arnold found what it can find nowhere in Europe, a worthy interpreter—Signor Lefranc.

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT succeeds Miss Kate Bateman at Booth's Theatre. His engagement, which opened on the 29th, was a pleasant theatrical event, for the play of "Henry the Fourth" was mounted with scrupulous care, and his Falstaff received the highest approbation.

MRS. EMMA WALLER, wife of the stage manager of Booth's Theatre, appears at that house this week as Meg Merrills in the musical drama of "Guy Mannering." Mrs. Waller has, of late, seldom appeared on a New York stage, and will alternate with Mr. Hackett, each playing three nights in the week.

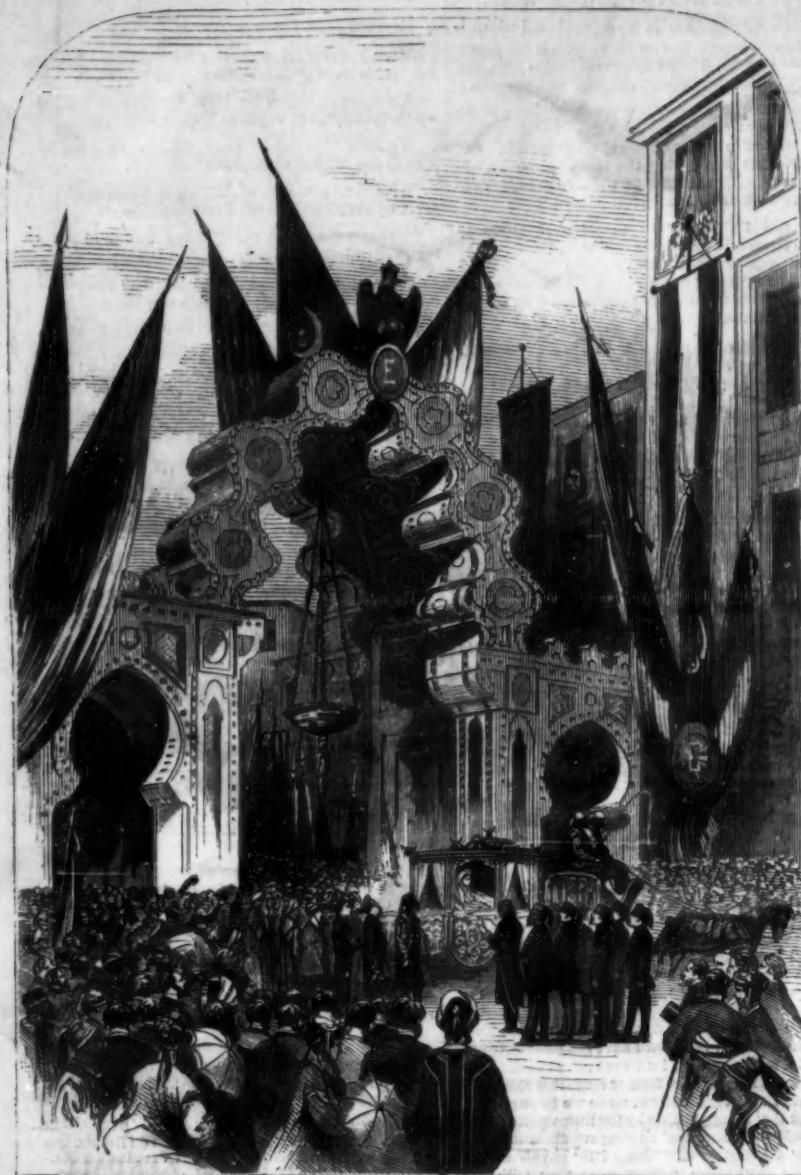
F. W. ROBERTSON's novel, "Poor Humanity," having been dramatized, has been brought out at the Olympic Theatre, New York. The drama, exhibiting considerable weakness of style, will be remembered chiefly on account of the graphic piece of character-painting done by Mr. William Holston in the part of Mrs. Wisby.

MISS CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG, appeared at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Thursday evening, November 25th, and performed her part in the popular opera of "Linda di Chamounix" in her usual finished and artistic style. Her voice seemed to be vastly improved in power, and it told with much effect on the audience.

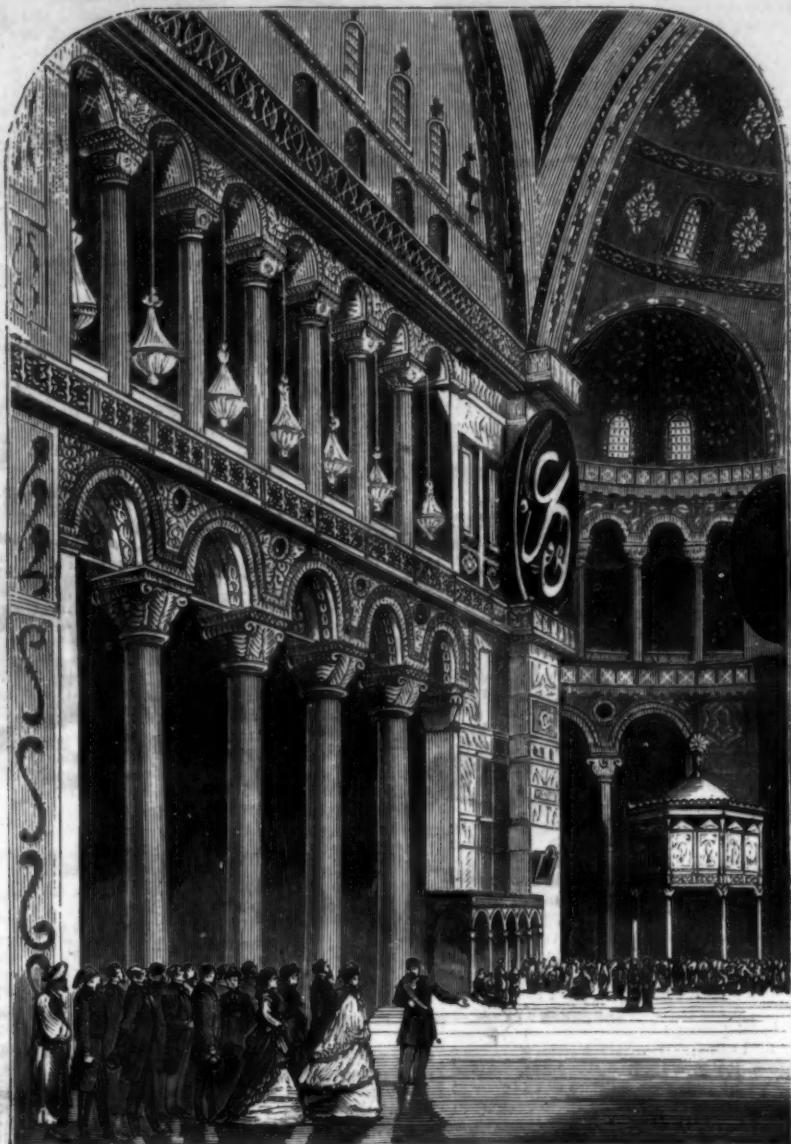
DRAMATISTS are at last to have a chance in England. For a fee of one guinea, manuscripts will be examined by critics and dramatists whose reputation is established. If these judges find a meritorious play, it will be produced at a morning performance at the Gaiety Theatre, which will be given rent free, though the author must pay the actors and the band.

THE London critics display considerable unanimity in awarding to a new actress, Miss Lillian Nielsen, the highest honors as an actress. She has also the charm of great personal beauty, both in form and face. Her last hit has been in a new play by Dr. Westland Marston, called "Life for Life," in which she exhibits a range and force to which, the *London Times* says, the stage has been a stranger since the days of Miss O'Neil. The play is also highly commended, being highly dramatic in its situations, while the language is at once poetical and natural.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 207.



TURKEY.—THE MUNICIPAL BODY OF CONSTANTINOPLE PRESENTING AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH ON HER ENTRANCE INTO PERA.



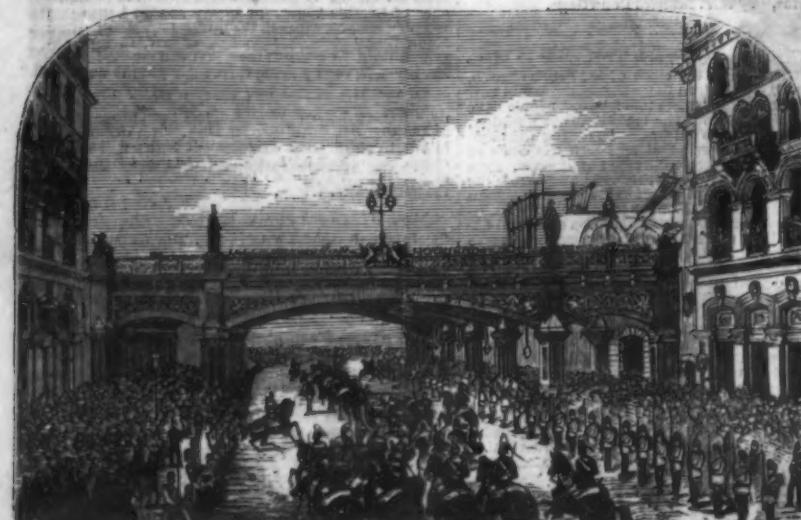
TURKEY.—THE VISIT OF EUGENIE TO THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE, ESCORTED BY THE SULTAN.



ENGLAND.—RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY AT THE OPENING OF BLACKFRIARS NEW BRIDGE, LONDON.



EGYPT.—FETES AT THE SUEZ CANAL, INTRODUCTORY TO THE INAUGURATION.



ENGLAND.—OPENING OF THE BOLSOFT VALLEY VIADUCT.—THE PROCESSION IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, LONDON.



EGYPT.—THE NAVAL BATH IN THE NILE.



CONNECTICUT.—BRONZE STATUE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP BROWNELL, FOUNDER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.

BRONZE STATUE TO BISHOP BROWNELL.

A BEAUTIFUL bronze statue of the late Bishop Brownell, the founder of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., presented by Gordon W. Burnham, of New York, and erected on the college grounds, was publicly unveiled on Thursday, November

11th. The statue is of bronze, cast in Munich, and designed by Ives. It is eleven feet high, and represents the bishop in his episcopal robes, in the act of pronouncing a benediction. It is a perfect representation of the features and figure of the venerable bishop. The statue is placed on an elegant granite base about fifteen feet high. The whole is said to have cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

COMING FROM THE STORE.

"GOOD-MORNING, Sam." "Morning, Mass George." "Well, I suppose you want your money?" "Please, Mass George," and Sam and Maria show their ivories. "Do you know how much is coming to you this month?" Sam's notions of figures are vague. "Golly, Mass George, I doesn't know." "Well, then, there's

fifteen dollars for you, and ten for Maria; that makes twenty-five dollars a month." Sam totes a little on his fingers, then scratches his wool. "Dat's so, Mass George; you're allays right. We knows you're right." "Then, Sam, you had fifty cents, and thirty cents, and seventy-five cents; and Maria had sixty-five cents." "Golly, Mass George, dat's so—four bits for powder, and thirty cents for 'backy, and six bits



SOUTHERN SCENE.—PAY-DAY ON THE PLANTATION—COMING FROM THE STORE.

for a knife—a right good knife. But, say, Rier, what am dat ar sixty-five cents?" Sam, once bond, now free, holds for the subjection of women, and is boss of the shanty. "I doesn't 'member dat ar sixty-five cents." "Why, dar, now, Sam, I neber see such a man." Man is polite, "boy" is not grateful in colored ears. "Doesn't you reck'lect when I was a gwine over to see old Sally, when she was down sick?" The fact may be so, but the money is not so clear. However, Master George says, "It's all right, Sam," so Sam accepts the situation. The balance is counted over, bill by bill, and Sam affects to reckon it up, but sometimes comes back alone, to have the fives put separate. "Good-morning, Sam; don't get your money stolen, and don't get drunk." A visit to the store, and not infrequently to the savings' bank, is the sequel to pay-day.

THE AGE.

THE age is great! let whose'er
That wills, its majesty attain!
We cannot, who its movements share,
Give judgment passionless and fair.
We look for martyr and for saint
To times behind us—and our eye,
Too near the present, can but spy
At boys who dress and girls who paint.

Thus they of Egypt doubtless did
In early times—at History's birth.
They saw the sweating crowds that hid
The slowly-rising pyramid—
That now is wonder to the earth!
They thought not of the pile at all;
This workman's sloth, that bungler's fall,
Aroused their satire or their mirth.

The work, that seems so grand to us,
Whom Science and her marvels pall,
Was too familiar to discuss—
They talked of little things; for thus
The small for ever please the small.
Ay, when the work was done, the throng
Thought more of feasting, dance and song,
Than that which towered above them all.

So ages will anon succeed,
More great, perchance, than this of ours,
And—though we did but sow the seed
Of nobler things—will say, "Indeed
It was an age of wondrous pow'r's!"
It will be well they shall not know
That while the oaks among us grow,
We, at their roots, pluck weeds and flow'r's.

Look up! and see how grandly looms
Above us what the age has done;
And then discuss the drawing-rooms,
The city marts, the talk of grooms,
That fade like mists before the sun!
Lo! in our midst a giant stands,
Who builds his monument complete.
He strides from distant lands to lands—
He molds the nations in his hands!—
And yet must History repeat
That you were finding petty flaws
And quarrels with dead leaves and straws
Among the dust beneath his feet?

REMADE.

BY HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

OLD Doctor Derwent, whose every hour was claimed by those who believed he had the healing gift, so miraculous had been his work, seldom allowed himself a holiday. He used to say the sick could not spare him, and he must take his holiday in heaven, since there was no time here. But now and then he was, in a manner, forced into something of the sort, although even then associated still in some way with duty; so that, in fact, he never lost sight of the brick walls and dusty parks at home, unless summoned to a consultation, or required to aid in a difficult operation a couple of hundred miles away, for it took that distance, at least, before he could loosen the habits and life-long impressions of the city from his brain.

When, however, he did obtain this little vacation, the duty that called him having been performed, and then put out of his mind as much as might be, he fairly luxuriated in the enforced leisure of the few hours which railway-trains or stage-coach lines allowed him, and sauntered at his will through the fields and nooks and by-ways of the place in which he happened to be, made acquaintance with the old men, received the confidences of the housewives, entered into the games of the children, careless and happy, for the nonce, as if he knew nothing of pain and anguish, and were only a thoughtless child himself, as much delighted with the wild nature of the woods and fields as a child might be who discovered brooks and flowers and waving ferns for the first time in all his life.

He had been called once to a sad case, far up among the hills—a long day's journey, or a night's, rather, and having finished all that there was to do about it, he was refreshing himself by a stroll through the domain of the little mountain village, and letting the cool winds, that had in them a breath of the snow left in the crannies of the hills, blow out of his mind and heart the memory of the suffering he had been lately called to witness, when he came, unobserved by them, upon a group of children playing on the threshing-floor of a great open barn, with such singing and chirruping of gay young voices as if a whole choir of birds had been let loose at once.

The doctor watched these blithe little creatures for a long while, too tired just then to join them, as he would have liked to do, and attracting no attention from them; but at last the object to which his glances most frequently returned was a little girl sitting apart in a corner by herself, and playing, all alone, with an abstraction and concentration worthy of better dolls, for hers were made of the clumps

of grass turned backward from their roots, which roots, with their fibres well combed out by a pin, served for well-wigged heads. The little maid had dressed these model dolls out in various green array; one of them had a little pink mushroom secured to her for an umbrella, and she was just pinning a maple-leaf shawlwise upon another, when the doctor addressed her, and asked her name. "Mary Macpherson, sir," she answered him, still adjusting the troublesome maple-leaf, and without pausing to glance up.

"Oh, Mary, is it you?" said the doctor, in a way he had of beginning a new acquaintance with a child as if it were an old one, in order that he might amuse himself somewhat by watching the children puzzled thus into a fancy that they ought to have remembered him.

"Yes, sir," she answered, looking up this time so that he observed, with a sudden start—for he had only seen before a pretty pink and white cheek, shaded by chestnutcurls—that her large brown eyes were badly crossed, and her mouth was disfigured, in spite of its little teeth, as white and even as rice, by a hare-lip.

"Yes, sir; but"—with hesitation—"I'm afraid I don't know who you are."

"Never mind that," said the doctor, sitting down on a stump opposite her; "I'm the friend of all little children, and that's enough, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary again, after a second glance, and returning to her dolls.

"And is this your family?" asked the doctor, taking up the lady with the pink parasol; "quite ingenious, I declare."

"Yes, sir, if you please," said the monosyllabic little damsel, again.

"And how is it that you had rather play with them than be romping with the other children in the barn there?"

The child moved a little uncomfortably, and parted her lips as if she would repeat her stereotyped reply, but found it inapplicable, and said nothing—only the curls drooped a little lower as the head was bent above the doll, and, looking at her still intently, the doctor, with some surprise, thought he saw a bright drop like a tear fall on the green maple-leaf, and glitter there as morning-dew would glitter.

The doctor was a kind-hearted man in the main, but was not peculiarly sensitive to the sight of pain; he had seen too much of it, it may be, and he always pleased himself, through long habit, perhaps, with probing other people's emotions.

"I should think," said he then, "it would be far pleasanter to hunt the slipper there on the threshing-floor than to sit here and dress dolls out of roots of grass."

"No," said the child, moving uneasily again, but looking up at last quite as if she had made up her mind to change the conversation in spite of her timidity, and drawing a quick breath while she added: "I play they are fairies, sir, the little green people that live down in the ground, and make the juices that feed the fruit and flowers, and come up by moonlight and dance in the shadow; I've never seen them, but Jack Spar has this many a time, and I leave them under the tree here every sunset, and they tell me what they did after the moon shone; I play they do, you know. And I tell them I am sure they danced all night, they are so wiled and tired and faded out in the morning, you see. And once it rained in the night, and then I made believe that one of them had really been back in the ground, and got caught on the way up, because she had taken root again and was growing just as if nothing had happened—"

How long she would have run on with these disclosures the doctor did not know, but fortunately he saw through her innocent art as she prattled, and showed that he was not to be diverted, for, in truth, he fancied that he saw here a sore spot that needed medicining—needed it badly, since it was so sore it might not be touched.

"But you can't play at fairies all the time," said he, interrupting her. "What else do you do up here in the hills, pray?"

"Oh, I learn my lessons," said she, carelessly, "and I can read and write and cipher now; and I hunt the eggs and find the nests the hens steal away down in the meadows when we don't want them to set, and mother says she couldn't do without me, though—" Here she paused, but added instantly: "And I know how to milk, and I find the flowers, the jack-in-the-pulpit, and lady's-slipper, and the two little bells, and—"

"Ah," said the doctor, suddenly, and looking at the other children, "here are gay doings in the barn. Come, let us run along and join them. You will leave off growing, my little lass, sitting here so long."

"I had rather not," answered the troubled child, though at the same time casting a wistful glance toward the place, unless the doctor was mistaken in the direction of the glance.

"Why so?" said he, merrily. "They are having fine fun. See that rosy-cheeked chap—his head is as curly as a basket of grapes—that just kissed the pink pinafored little woman. Ah, it's worth while now to be a boy, and play hunt-the-slipper. Come, run along with me, and get your share."

"I will go with you, sir. But Lawrence wouldn't kiss me, you know."

"Lawrence? That is his name? A handsome fellow?"

"Yes, sir. Lawrence Bell."

"Not kiss you? And why not, pray?"

"Oh, because I look two ways for a Sunday, and have three lips for kissing!" cried out the child, vehemently, using the only terms she knew for her deformities, able to bear no more, and bursting into a torrent of tears.

"My dear child," said the doctor, then, reaching forward, and drawing her up between his knees, "is that what troubles you?"

But the child's sobs choked her, and he waited a moment for her to quiet herself.

"Do you really care about these trifles?" he asked then, as her trouble subsided a little.

"About—about—"

"Your eyes and your lips?"

"Do I care?" she suddenly exclaimed, as tragically as though she had worn the cothurnus for years, or had been born with it. "Do I care?" swallowing all her sobs. "Oh, I would die to-morrow, if I could be—like Agnes there—in the pink tier—only for to-day!"

"My dear little girl, there is no need of dying, for as to being what you wish, there is nothing easier—"

"Oh, no, no, no! I was born so! Unless you—make me over again—it can't be! oh, it can't be!" And then fresh tears.

"And why do you care?" asked the cruel doctor.

"Why?" surprise stopping the sobs, to think any one could ask her such a thing. "Why? Because it makes a monster of me—Lawrence says so—like the little pink pig that had five legs!" And she was crying hard as any shower again.

"Lawrence isn't so good-looking as I thought he was," said the doctor.

"Oh, yes, he is," said little Mary. "But it was when the little pig first came; and—somehow—it said itself—because it was true—that about being a monster!"

"And is that so very bad?"

"Oh, it is dreadful!" she cried, letting out all her soul to this inquisitor. "No one wants you, no one has you round, no one thinks it's any matter how you go, they put you last when sewing-circle comes, they say things that hurt! I don't believe God himself can like to look at you!"

"That is very wicked, Mary. God loves to look at all His creatures that are good."

"But a monster is not good! He wouldn't ever have pronounced a monster good the way he did Adam and Eve in Genesis."

"It is wrong that you should have been allowed to look on this thing so, my child. Can you imagine that He minds a mere accident of the body?"

"Accident? But God made me, and the minister says there are no accidents with God," interrupted the young casuist.

"Well, Mary," said the doctor then, seeing that it was impossible to treat so deeply-rooted a trouble in the nature of this imaginative and sensitive child as if it were only a mere surface-weed, "I can prove to you that it is nothing but an accident, by undressing it."

"Un—"

"Undoing it. Just as you do a piece of poor sewing work. How should you like that? To have your eyes made straight, and your lip joined together. It can be done—and done so that one would never know you till you spoke."

"Like Agnes!" exclaimed the child, catching her breath, and turning with the tears still coursing one another down her face. "Two great brown eyes looking right before her? And a mouth—oh, it couldn't be!"

"Two great brown eyes looking straight before you, and a mouth, not quite like Agnes's mouth, to be sure, because there will always be a scar there, but that will not matter much in comparison, and it will be a very good mouth."

The child grew white as death, and fell to trembling as she had to crying just before.

"Oh, it couldn't be," she gasped; "you're only telling me a fairy-story now, I know; I know it couldn't!" And the next moment the blood flushed up her face again with the wild glimpse of hope, bathing forehead and temple, and she sprang forward with her arms around the doctor's neck, and her wet and burning face hidden under his ear. "Oh, perhaps you are one of the angels that came to visit Abraham in his tent," she whispered. "Oh, you must be one, you must, if you can make me over again!"

"No, indeed," said the doctor, laughing a little then, and seeing how real all her Sunday-school instructions were to the child; and taking her on his knee, he rested her head on his shoulder, smoothing her hair with his hand, and quieting her excitement as best he might.

"No, indeed," said he, "only Doctor Derwent, of Derwentwater, whose business such things as these operations are. If I had the proper instruments with me, and could delay any longer from my sick people at home, I would do the work to-day. But I haven't. And so we must wait a little while, and see what can be done."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that—waiting a little while—if it could really just be done at all," said the child, still shaken with the reactionary sobs that came every now and then in spite of her efforts.

"But there is something else you may mind, I ought to tell you. Are you afraid of pain?"

"Pain? I don't know—Like that when they say the things that—"

"Hurt? No, the other sort of pain."

"Like the toothache and the growing-pain. Oh, no; I don't believe I am."

"That's good, then, so far. For there is pain to be borne when we are made over again; so I warn you to make up your mind for it. Not very bad pain, but still more than one bears easily."

"Oh, I will not mind it, sir, at all. I will hold just as still!"

"That is a good child. Now, we'll keep this for a secret between us. And the next time the drovers, or any one else, go down from here to Derwentwater, do you make up a little bundle, and come along with them. They'll give you a seat. And here, on this card, is the number of the house where I live, so that you won't forget, and if you show it to any one you will be led there at once, and there I will keep you for a few weeks, till everything is over, and all well again, and send you back, when a good chance comes, so changed that your own mother wouldn't know you! What do you think of that? Now I must go. Good-bye." And if Lawrence wouldn't kiss her, the doctor did, and then set her down on the old vine-covered stump, palpitating with pleasure; and when the flush of it was over, she sat there looking at the silver horns of the mountains melting away into the azure sky above, and across the paradise of green valleys at her feet,

seeing all the beauty under a perfect aureole of glory, as if the world had been made over again so as to be ready for her when she came back remade from Derwentwater.

It seemed, in fact, from that hour, another world to the child—the child no longer to be pitied, but full of a gladness hitherto unknown to her, full of the happy expectation of a miracle. Up in the gorge between the mountains the mist was rolling in a scarlet flame, as if sunset were pouring bodily through the rift as she had never seen it do before; down in the intervals there were rainbows lying in the grass; it must be for the first time, she said to herself; the birds were singing their vespers with a music that her ear had never caught till now; as she still sat there on the stump, long after the other children had all gone to their homes, the sky seemed to open over her, one by one the stars came out, the soft evening wind came cool as the breath of great invisible blossoms, and wrought up to such a pitch of exaltation was the child, that now she half-fancied, so strangely vast and beautiful did the advancing evening seem, that the end of all things was at hand, and that that change was the one meant by the angel in disguise who had called himself Doctor Derwent, of Derwentwater. But when the moon rose, and she saw the placid cattle all browsing quietly beneath her, and heard her mother call her from the door, she rose and went in, brought back to actual life, and persuaded that the doctor was no vision, and that Derwentwater was no chimera.

It was the next morning that Mary was seen to be very busily employed with Jack Spar, the weather-beaten old sailor, who, having grown weary of plowing the wave, had wandered up the hills, and taken to plowing the sod under Mr. Macpherson's direction, and the anchors, crosses, stars and stripes tattooed upon whose breast and arms had been unfailing sources of delight and wonder to all the children far and near. Upon inquiry, it was found that Jack had concocted a preparation of the juice of herbs, which he thought would answer all necessary purposes, and had indoctrinated little Mary into the art of decorating herself like a Fiji princess, and that Mary, who had stoutly refused to submit to the exercise at Jack's own longing hands, had very neatly and indelibly printed around her wrist the letters of her name, having, with quite remarkable foresight, left room for the addition of any short surname, such as Lawrence's surname was, for instance, in case it should ever be desirable to put one there.

"Mary!" cried her exasperated mother. "What do you mean, you naughty child? What was the need of making yourself more of a fright? Do you know that you have disfigured yourself for the rest of your days? But there, what odds does it make?" she cried, after her angry fashion, as she remembered the disfigurement already existing in the child, and pushing her away from her. But with the next thought, as her way was, she had caught her back again impulsively, and was kissing the poor eyes and mouth, while still murmuring her reproaches over the wrist.

"Oh, I don't mind that," cried Mary, freeing herself and facing her mother. "I don't mind that at all. But I'm going away to be made over again, and I marked my wrist so that you would be sure to know me, for I am, I am really, going to be made over, so that my own mother wouldn't know me!" And the child danced away, singing some tira-lirri like a bird, and as she had never been seen or heard to do since she came to the knowledge of her misfortunes; and her mother, altogether ignorant of the meaning of her words, watched in a new-born and superstitious fear, lest she might truly be going away to be made over into something not of this earth. Still the cross-eyed and hare-lipped little Mary was not of so heavenly a type of childhood that her mother had any need of fear in her regard; she was only a stout-hearted, eager little body, who meant certainly to conquer her portion of the world to her own uses.

It was almost a month after his brief run into the mountains, and the doctor had nearly forgotten the little patient whom he had found there, in the midst of all his other and multiplied cares, when one bright morning a load of shingles stopped before his gate, and, after a long and laborious study of the card in her hand, and a comparison of it with the sign upon his door-post, and with that upon the street-corner, a small, sun-bonneted lass clambered down the side of the great team, and pulled the doctor's bell, and, happening to open the door himself, he recognized and welcomed the sad and staid little mountain-maid, who looked, as she had informed him once, both ways for a Sunday. But sad she was no longer; her face, on the contrary, was radiant with expectant happiness, if not with beauty. She took it for granted that, of course, the doctor remembered all about her, and she forgot for a time to open her lips, while her glance ran up and down his office, her eye resting with particular attention upon a case of shining instruments that happened to be open there

best, upon the whole, to make no more delay, and conducted her down to his office again, and called his wife, rather than his assistant, to be present; and it was impossible for Doctor Dervent to give any stronger evidence of his interest in a case than that.

"Now," said he, when he had placed the child as he wished her to remain, "you must not be frightened if I bind you, for—"

"No, sir," she answered firmly; "there is no need. I will keep still without, I will."

"But if you should start or move you might do an injury that never could be remedied. And it takes a great strength of will; I don't know how much you may have, and I am responsible to your parents, you know; so you had better let me secure—"

"No, no! I must, I must be loose, be free! Please don't, please. I will not stir—oh, certainly I will not stir!" she cried, half under her breath.

And at that the strong-minded, strong-souled lady who was the doctor's helpmeet flashed a glance toward her husband, signifying that she would take the child and hold her firmly.

"Very well," said the doctor. And the lady lifted the child on her lap, and laid her head upon her breast, and put her hand upon the cheek, and held it there, and kissed her, and the doctor lifted his glittering little scissors, and in an instant it was over, and the eyes had been made straight, and were bandaged into the soothing dark.

"That is over!" said he, cheerily, while the child cried out with glad amazement. "Now, not any more to-day," and she was put away to sleep in a bed that seemed like a cloud to her, and was tended there, she half believed, by angels.

Then, after a few mornings, the doctor stole softly into the room, before the child had waked from her sweet night's sleep, with a vial and a sponge in his hand, and the ever-blessed ether swiftly drowsing all her sense, he cut and clipped, and sewed and plastered, and the lip was whole again. "Now, I expect you to obey me, mind! And you must not answer me, nor speak one word," said the doctor then, when presently she came to herself; and he slipped the bandage from her eyes, and left them bare in the soft dimness of the room that had just been obscured for them. "And now I will tell you, because you don't know," said he, "that there is nothing more for you to do, except to take your gruel and soup through this tube, and get well as fast as you can. The eyes are done, and the lip is doing—you didn't know that—and so soon as the stitches heal, and the sight adjusts itself so that you can see as well at the new angle as you did at the old—so that you don't see two things where there is only one, I mean—why, then you will have been made over!"

And not dreaming of disobeying him, the child only clasped her hands, and gazed up at him as if she were giving thanks and adoration to a living saint, with a look that would have recompensed any man like him for a thousand times the pains, and she sank into peaceful and delicious rest again with the look still like a nimbus on her face.

But at home in the mountains there was no such tranquillity as there was in the doctor's quiet house. Mary had been missed on the first day of her departure, which she had taken rather suddenly on hauling a team of shingles, and finding it was destined for Derwentwater—Mary had been missed, and was nowhere to be found. In vain the house and farm and field and grove were ransacked for her; Mary was lost, the place was in alarm, the great horn was sounded, and the neighbors summoned to hunt the hill. Mary was lost—she had always had a habit of wandering into the lonely spots, the other children teased her so; she might even now be fallen from some steep, and be lying among the jagged rocks at the foot of the precipices, or she might have stumbled across some wild beast's path, for there were both panthers and black bears in the hills, and have been rent asunder before she was so much as missed upon the farm. Every one thought of children at home, and trembled for her; every one began to remember the poor thing's few gifts and graces; every one forgot her naughty tempers and little imperfections, sisters and brothers and playfellows, all together, recollecting the cruel word or the taunting speech that had been so easy for them to utter, and so piercing to her to hear, and it was only as Lawrence threw himself, in a flood of repentant tears, upon the ground, that he espied a bit of paper there, slipped from forgetful old Jack Spar's pocket—Jack having gone up the mountain to guide a traveler—and the boy ran with it to Mary's mother in a joyful haste that made wings out of his feet, and was cried over for his pains till he felt too damp to be comfortable.

A little printed note the bit of paper was, daubed with one or two unavoidable blots which had been wiped off a little with the finger, but quite well-spelled, and meritoriously brief, assuring them that she hadn't told them for fear they would prevent it, but she had gone to be made over. And nowise displeased, on the whole, by the enforced holiday and subsequent junketing, the neighbors retired, after much feasting and a little subdued frolicking on the great threshing-floor; and with that note all whom it concerned were obliged to rest contented, till the farmers who had carried their shingles down for sale in Derwentwater came back and reported the passenger their team had had.

Mary was safe then, the Macphersons found; though still they had need to be anxious about her, so young a thing in a great, strange town; and by-and-by a letter from the doctor came to reassure them—the doctor not having allowed himself to be in a hurry with his letter, thinking that people who made a child's deformity such a burden to her, or who suffered it to be made so by others, would meet with no injury from the experience of a bit of suspense themselves—and as soon thereafter as he could accomplish it, which was not however under a month's time, Mr. Macpherson reached the point of being about to start to fetch the little wanderer home.

This had been a prodigious conception on his part, and a still more prodigious thing to carry into execution, for there was the mowing-meadow to attend to, and the hay to be spread again on the mountain-meadow, and there was the whitewashing, and he dared not leave till Brindle and Cherry and Whiteface had their calves, and then the horse was lame, and there were a pair of steers to buy, and the sheep to be sheared, and some money to be gotten from somewhere, and it might have taken infinitely less time and talk and torment to create a world than it did to bring Mr. Macpherson to this moment in which he had just taken his seat in the wagon and was receiving the last of a universe of messages, which he would have been more than mortal to remember, and which he was painfully conscious were going in at one ear and out at the other, faring no better than the petitions to take care of himself, and to tie up his throat as soon as he came to salt water, and not to sit in a draft, and to remember his white pocket-handkerchief—when a peddler's cart, with its bells ringing gayly, drove up the road, stopped a minute, set down a little girl, and went on, and the little girl came capering in at the open gate, swinging her green sunbonnet, like a thing possessed, and climbed, without a word, into the wagon, seizing Mr. Macpherson by the head and hugging him a hundred times, and stopping to look at him, and beginning again, and then crying out rapturously: "Oh, I don't believe you know me! The doctor said my own mother wouldn't know me, but he didn't say anything about my father!"

"As I live, it's our Mary!" cried her father. "Mary! Little Mary—here, stop a minute, let me see! Lovely!"

"Look at me!" she cried proudly, standing back as they all made a rush for the wagon. "Look at me—eyes straight before me—I looked at them in the glass myself; and they're two great brown beautiful eyes, the doctor said so—and my mouth—only two lips now—"

"Like a fiddlebow!" said her father, snatching her up and kissing them.

"I guess Lawrence would kiss me now," said she, stily, springing into her mother's up-stretched arms and half stifling her with caresses in her turn. And, to the best of my belief, Lawrence did kiss her, not only when all the other eager children did, but many and many a time thereafter too—for she had no memory for wrongs, and his heart, like that of the majority of all mankind, was stone to a plain face and wax to fair one. And some one, who was up among the mountains lately, told me of a handsome, brown-eyed woman living there, her beauty marred only by a little scar upon her upper lip, and who, singularly enough, wore her name tattooed around her wrist and hidden by a ribbon—and the name was Mary Macpherson Bell, by which I judge that Lawrence wrote the last syllable one day on the empty space.

But though Mary came by herself, Mr. Macpherson went to Derwentwater all the same, and was so pleased with his visit that he has gone there once a year ever since, the fact that the doctor would take no money for his work, making the visit a necessity, in order, as he tells his wife in explanation of the annual excursion with the big box of geese and turkeys, that they may pay their debt at last, if not by fair means, then by foul.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Empress of the French in Turkey—Eugenie in the Suburbs of Pera.

The illustration of the reception of the Empress Eugenie by the municipal authorities of Constantinople, in the outskirts of Pera, a suburb of the city, is from a photograph taken at the moment the state coach of the Sultan, placed at the service of her majesty, was drawn up under the superb arch erected in the Moorish style, to her honor. The Europeans present removed their hats, while the leader of the municipal government read an address of welcome, the Mussulmans, at the same time no less interested in the, to them, unusual ceremony, watching the countenance of the fair Mussafer of the Occident with curious pleasure, unconscious of the fact that in thus honoring their guest they were involuntarily doing homage to her sisters in their own homes, thus preparing a way for that liberty of action for which, through ages of domestic degradation, they have uneasiness pined. Eugenie, without, perhaps, knowing it, has done much for the women of the East during her recent visit to the Sultan.

The Empress of the French in Turkey—Visit of the Empress to St. Sophia.

During her presence in Constantinople, Eugenie visited many places of interest to sojourners from the West. But the most remarkable reception was within the sacred precincts of the mosque of St. Sophia, originally constructed as a Christian cathedral by Constantine the Great, after whom the city is named. The original building, having but part of the massive walls standing, was destroyed by fire in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, who, however, rebuilt it, lavishing large sums of money in decorating it. On its passing into the hands of the followers of Mohammed, the conqueror, Selim II, added four minarets. The mosque of Sophia is the oldest sacred edifice in Stamboul, and the permission of the Giaour to enter it with "slippers on," is one of the clearest evidences of the spread of liberal ideas among the once fanatical followers of the "true prophet" that has yet been given to the world. The visit of the Empress of the French to the Sultan of Turkey, descendant of that Amurath who once made the infidel tremble even in his far Western fastnesses, will, unquestionably, create a revolution in the social thoughts of the Turk that will go far toward liberalizing and making of him a social being, ready to elevate and honor the women of his harem—mother, wife and daughter—as to-day the Giaours elevate and honor the women of their households.

Fetes at the Suez Canal.

We present in the "Pictorial Spirit," etc., of this number, among other spirited illustrations of the Empress Eugenie's visit to the lands of the Turk and the Copt, one depicting the "Fetes on the Suez Canal."

preliminary to the formal inauguration of that grand triumph of the nineteenth century—a work which, in its magnitude and object, far surpasses those colossal structures that, for three thousand years, have cast their shadows over the sands of Egypt—the pyramids of the Pharaohs, which, in their hoariness, date even anterior to the years when Joseph ruled Egypt in its cereal wealth and its cereal poverty.

The Queen's Visit to London.—Formal Opening of the Holborn Valley Viaduct, and the Blackfriars New Bridge.

The citizens of London were, to their great gratification, officially visited on the 6th of November—the first time, we believe, since the death of the Prince Consort Albert—the occasion being the opening of the Blackfriars New Bridge over the River Thames, and the New Viaduct spanning the Fleet Valley from Holborn Hill to Newgate street. The weather, though somewhat cold, was bright and fair, and the ceremonies were conducted without interruption or accident to the end—monarch and subject alike pleased with the triumphs of engineering and architecture they had been invited formally to inaugurate. The public works thus opened to the uses of traffic have been contemplated for years, but many causes prevented their rapid progress and final completion. In the preceding issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we presented its readers with a view of the arches of Blackfriars New Bridge, and in this number we offer, first, an illustration of the incident where the Queen of England, accompanied by members of her family, at the Surrey end of the bridge, is about to receive from the hands of the Lord Mayor of London the Sword of State. Her passage over the bridge, on accepting the "address" of the municipality of London, to which she handed to the Mayor a "reply," previously prepared, completed this part of the ceremony. The procession, principally military, following and preceding the carriages of the Queen and the members of the corporation, etc., then, on reaching the "city," or Middlesex side, moved to Farringdon street, passing under the Holborn Valley Viaduct, a very beautiful structure. Thence it proceeded to the new thoroughfare called Chancery Lane street, by which it arrived in Smithfield; thence by Giltspur street to the east end of the Viaduct, which the Queen opened with a second brief ceremonial; and so passed over to Holborn, where, on bowing graciously to the citizens, her carriage was driven off, and the ceremonies were closed.

The Empress of the French in Turkey—The Empress in the Desert.

In her progress to Cairo, the Empress Eugenie, with her cavalcade, made a slight detour, and was thus enabled to experience some of the lesser pleasures, if not the hardships, of a journey over the Desert. The road, fortunately, was in excellent condition, and the wheels of her chariot rolled easily over it. Of course Eugenie's experience was not great, but it was a "sensation," and on her return to her husband's capital, she can boast of her reception by the wild children of the sands of the plain as heartily as of her grander ones in the magnificent city of the Golden Horn, where for ages the Crescent has held undisputed sway over the Cross.

WESTERN ROBBERS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Natchez Courier gives an interesting account of some of the highway robbers and murderers who were celebrated half a century or more ago in what was then the far Northwest:

"In those times," says the writer to the Courier, "the Western men brought their produce down the river in flatboats, and when they sold out their cargoes, they would return in large companies together by land. I once noticed that three men made their appearance here, one of whom was remarkable for his very ferocious appearance. He had a scar of a deep sabre-cut across his brow. They were dressed like backwoods farmers, and mingled freely with the boatmen. They 'chaffered' a good deal about the price of a great many articles, but nothing seemed to satisfy them. Having made themselves acquainted with all the boatmen, and caroused with them a good deal, they at last disappeared."

"About two months after these ruffians had disappeared, the whole country was startled by the news that a large company of Kentuckians had been robbed by a band of robbers upon the Nashville trace. Shortly after, three gentlemen—a father and his two sons—started to Kentucky, and when they had got pretty well into the wilderness, they, too, were met, and robbed of everything they had. This excited the community to the highest pitch of indignation. They besought Governor Claiborne to bring the power of the Government to bear, and arrest the robbers. He accordingly offered a large reward for them, dead or alive."

"Great was the merriment made by Mason—that was the bandit's name—and his men, when they read the Governor's proclamation. They laughed at and ridiculed it. How long he could have defied the authorities no one knows, if they had not been treacherous in the band. The old adage, that there is honor among thieves, did not hold good in this case. One night they were sitting around their blazing campfires. They had just made a successful raid upon the settlements, and Mason was distributing the booty. Little Harp crept up behind him, and buried a tomahawk in his head. Mason fell dead. The conspirators then chopped off his head, and brought it to Washington, the seat of Government, and claimed the reward. When it was noticed about that the great robber, Mason, was killed, and that his head was in Washington for identification, all the people in the settlement, far and near, flocked to see it. Many who had been victims recognized it at once, and swore to it. The men who had done the deed were haled as public benefactors."

"Now, although the Governor had promised a large reward, yet, unfortunately, when he called for the money, it was found that the Treasury was empty. Of course the captors of Mason were delayed in getting their pay. This led to the detection of the conspirators, for it so happened that the old gentleman and his two sons, who had been robbed, were among the number who came to look at the robber's head. The moment they laid their eyes on Little Harp, they exchanged glances. The father slipped out, and in a while appeared with an officer. Raising his voice, and pointing his finger at Little Harp, he said: 'I charge you, sir, as being one of Mason's band of robbers.' Little Harp was seized, and his accomplice also. This was almost as startling to the crowd as was the sight of Mason's head."

"At that time there was a little town in Jefferson County, near the Chatley's fork of Cole's Creek, named Greeneville, in honor of General Nathaniel Greene. The original site was bought from the estate of Odom, was afterward added to from the estates of Abijah Hunt and Ferdinand Claiborne, and the following named men were its trustees: D. W. Brashears, H. Down, A. Ellis, R. McRae, and Robert Cox."

"This little town was then the county-seat. Thither Little Harp was conveyed, and was regularly tried and convicted. He was hung, and the band of Mason being deprived of its leader and its most skillful lieutenant, dispersed, and was never afterward heard of."

"The story of 'Little Harp' has already been written in a little book called 'Hall's Legends of the West.'

It seems that these were two brothers of that name, who were the most daring robbers that ever infested Kentucky. They were called, by way of distinction, Big Harp and Little Harp, on account of the difference in their size. The people of Kentucky had become exasperated at their outrages, and determined to hunt them to the death. The pursuit was carried on with the patience of the sleuth-hound, until at last they were overtaken. Big Harp was pursued by a gigantic Kentuckian. They had a running fight for hours on horseback, until at last Harp's horse fell; then came a hand-to-hand fight. It was a tremendous struggle between these two Western giants, but at last Harp fell mortally wounded. He died; his head was severed from his body, and was stuck on a pole in the cross-roads in Kentucky, and the spot was for a long time called the 'Harp's Head.' While the bigger brother was being thus hotly pursued, the little Harp escaped, and came down and joined Mason's band."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE POPE is an inveterate smoker.

BOUCICAULT has been ordered to Italy by his physician.

RUDINI, the new Italian Home Minister, is only 30 years old.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, of England, is Colonel of the Prussian Dragoon Regiment.

PRINCE HASSAN, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, is a student at Oxford.

HUMBOLDT is to have a monument in the city of Mexico.

PERE MOUSABRE is to succeed Hyacinthe at Notre Dame.

GLADSTONE is just appointed his son a junior Lord of the Treasury.

THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA is still at the Castle of Tervueren, in Belgium, and has to be strictly watched.

GENERAL TATE, the new Haytian Minister, has been officially recognized by the President.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME, with the Chinese Embassy, reached Berlin last week.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON MURAT has left Paris to enter the French navy as a common sailor.

PARIS has a rumor that Father Hyacinthe has come to this country to marry a rich Boston widow.

PRESIDENT PIERCE, while in Bowdoin College, cut his name on a brick on the north end of Winthrop Hall, where it now can be seen.

MR. SEWARD is going to build a library of Alaska white cedar and California red wood, as a memorial of his tour.

THE LATE LORD DERBY was indebted for his grace and eloquence to the lessons of his step-grandmother, Miss Farren, the celebrated actress.

THE YOUNG MIKADO uses the diamond snuffbox Prince Albert gave him as a receptacle for bon-bons.

THE SULTAN PROTESTS against the act of the Viceroy of Egypt in proclaiming the neutrality of the Suez Canal, as a trespass on his sovereignty.

MR. MARTIN MILMORE, of Boston, will execute the statuary designed to ornament the exterior of the new Post-Office.

CROWN-PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, of Prussia, is a very parsimonious man, and bids fair to become a regular miser.

MRS. GENERAL CUSTAN goes with her husband on Indian campaigns, and is a good shot with the rifle.

THE SKETCH OF "A SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST ISSUE, WAS DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.

LUIGI POLETTI, THE MOST CELEBRATED ITALIAN ARCHITECT, HAS JUST DIED AT MILAN, AGED SEVENTY-SEVEN. HIS LAST WORK WAS TO DIRECT THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, AT ROME.

JANE BRETONNE, A YOUNG GIRL AT DIEPPE, HAS SAVED THE LIVES OF FIFTEEN SAILORS DURING THE PAST FIVE YEARS, AND WEARS FIVE MEDALS OF MERIT AND THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

IT IS NOW ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT THE GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELER, THE REV. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, IS SAFE. A LETTER WAS RECEIVED FROM HIM DATED RUIJI, MAY 13TH, 1869, WHEN HE WAS IN GOOD HEALTH AND SPIRITS.

GENERAL HOOKER, WHO SPENT MOST OF THE SUMMER IN CINCINNATI, HAS RETURNED TO NEW YORK, TO SPEND THE WINTER HERE AS USUAL. THOUGH STILL AN INVALID, HIS HEALTH IS GREATLY IMPROVED.

PRINCE CHARLES, OF PRUSSIA,

AUTUMN EVENING.

CROSS-BARRED with coloring hedgerows, hill and dale,
All variegated with white stubble-field,
And emerald pasture turning slightly pale,
A beauteous, if a saddening prospect yield.
Herds homeward lie; the starlings valeward push:
And, settling in the warm heart of the wood,
Rooks dunk the embrowning trees. An ominous hush,
A deep, peculiar calm that bodes no good,
Reigns over all; and Nature, sore distressed
At earth's decaying glories, seems like one
Held in suspense. A while, and up the west,
White, jagged clouds ascend. The squall comes on;
And birds and leaves from gusty trees are hurled,
And through the evening sky together whirled.

A STATION SCENE ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

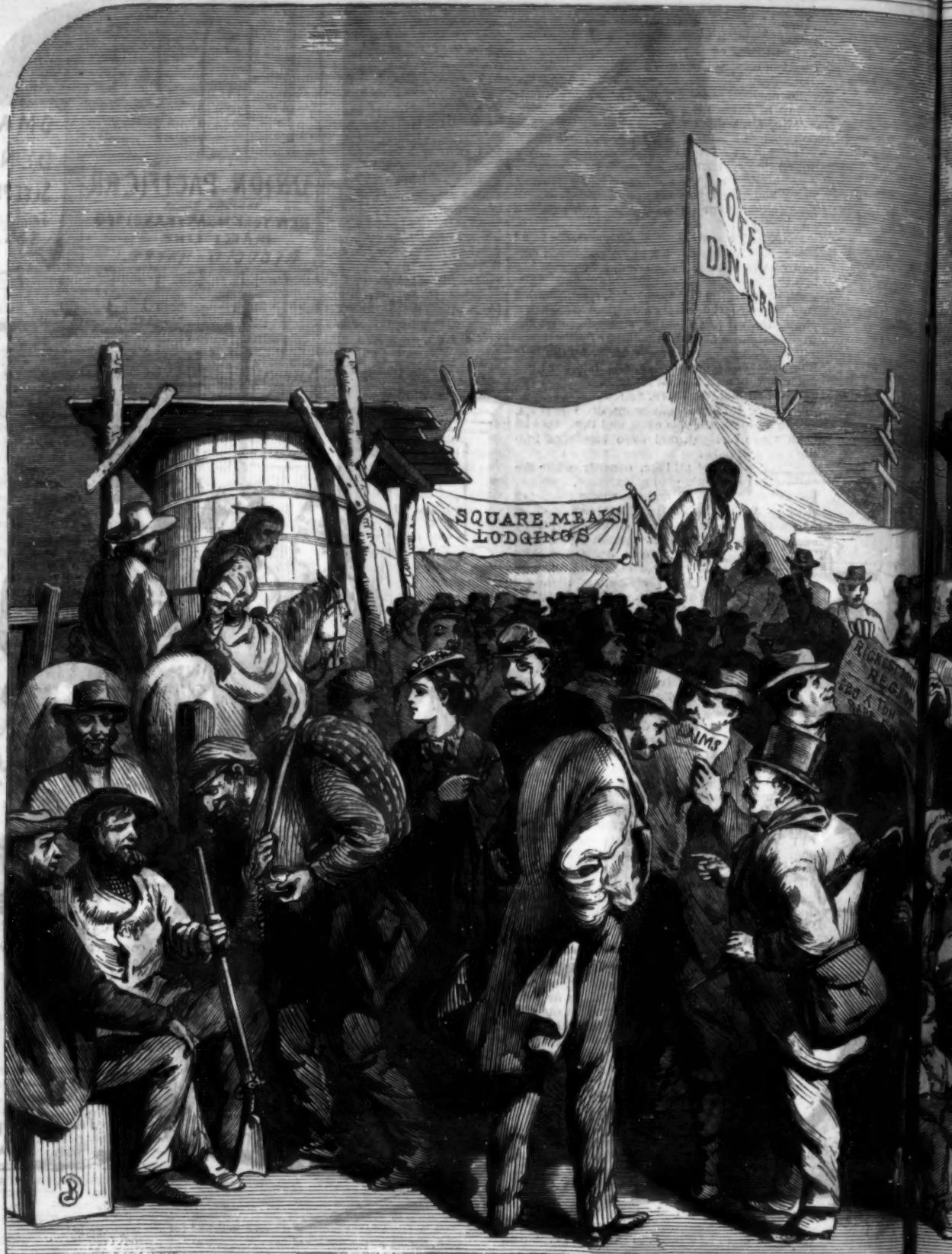
A FEW years ago a picture was painted in London representing an English railway-station and the scene at the departure of a train. The picture was true to life; so likewise is the one we publish herewith, representing a scene on the Pacific Railway; but the two are as unlike in detail as could well be imagined. In the English picture the station is large and substantially built; in the American one it is a rough structure of boards, not at all ornamental, and not conspicuously useful. The English picture represented an indoor scene, while ours is in the open air, for the simple reason that the station building could not conveniently contain the crowd. The hotel and dining-room is in a tent very carelessly constructed, and possessing accommodations the reverse of palatial. A sign on the hotel promises square meals and lodgings; a square meal in the Far West is not, as one might suppose, dinner cut in the form of a cube, but one where you can sit at table and be supplied with at least two or three courses, served upon plates of tin or earthenware. A square lodging is a sleeping-place under shelter, but does not always include a bed. A traveler who has just returned from the White Pine mining region gives a good description of a frontier lodging-house. "I went," said he, "into a rough log building that called itself the United States Hotel. Paying a dollar in advance for my supper, and the same for my lodging, I was duly registered in a book which the landlord carried in his pocket. I sat on the end of an empty keg while I consumed a supper of fried pork and griddle cakes, and after a sufficient time for digestion, concluded I would go to bed. On signifying my desire to Boniface, he asked me to bring my blankets, and then showed me into a room that had only half the roof completed. The moon and stars were looking in upon a dozen or more men lying on the floor, and on gazing around I could see no indication of a bed.

"Where shall I sleep?" I inquired.

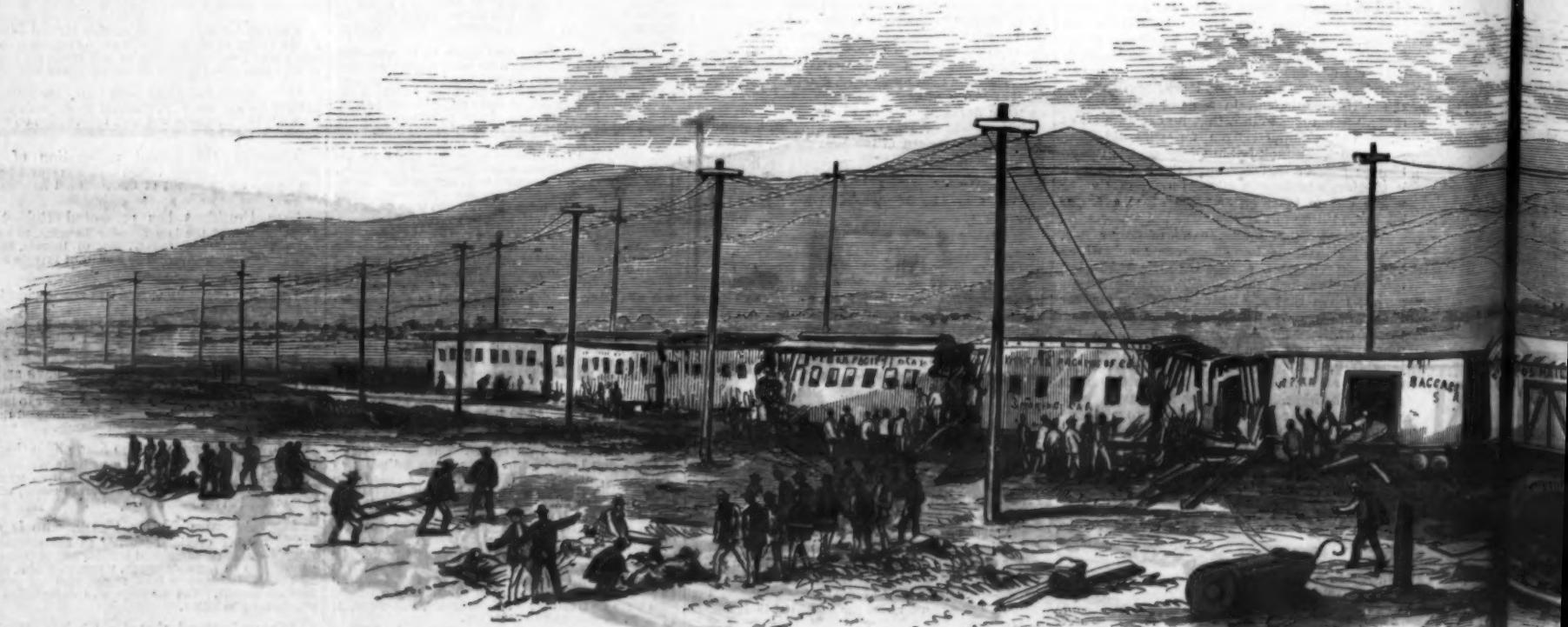
"Oh, take any place on the floor you like," said the landlord. "The company is very select, and you needn't be afraid. Good-night."

"I slept comfortably, for I was very tired, and had the satisfaction of finding, in the morning, that nobody had attempted to rob me during the night."

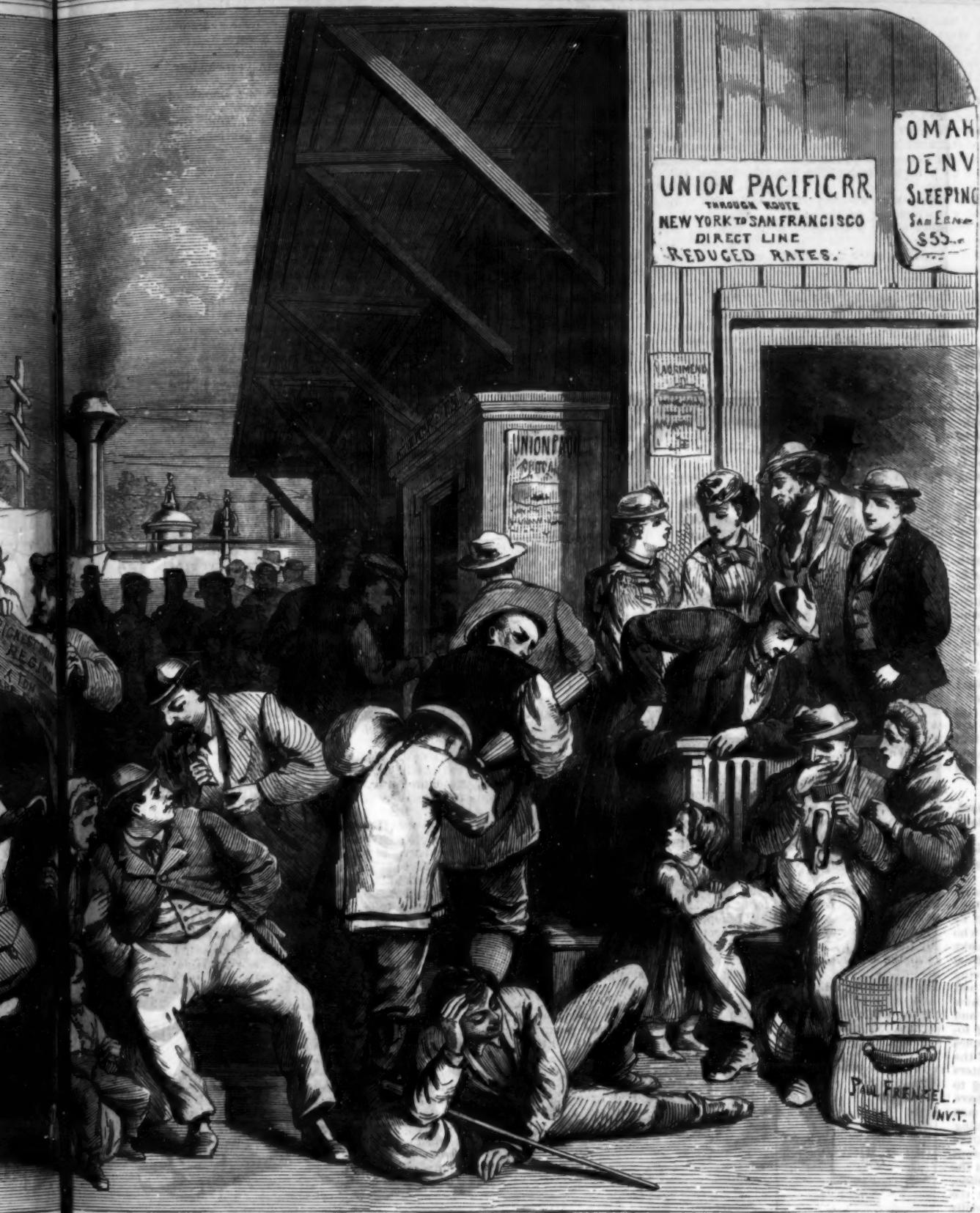
At a station on the Pacific Railway such as the artist has represented, one may see persons of many nationalities. There is the noble red man, whose nobility has greatly fallen off by reason of evil association with his pale-faced neighbor, and who thinks less of the happy hunting-grounds than of the whisky with which he can warm his throat. There are emigrants from Ireland, Germany, and other countries of Europe, all moving Westward with the star of empire. There is the patient and meek emigrant from China, who has crept to the Eastward, now crossing the Pacific, now climbing the Sierra Nevadas and pressing into the great Valley of Utah, and anon moving toward the Missouri, till he threatens to bring his brown muscles and his plodding industry into the cotton and corn fields of the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic Slope. There are hunters fresh from the mountains and prairies, adventurers going to seek their fortunes, or adventurers who have sought, and have not been equally successful in finding them. There are men who offer the most profitable investments in the way of mining claims, and are ready to convince all who will listen that the road to wealth lies through certain auriferous or argentiferous localities. Army officers are scattered here and there in the crowd, and while the majority of the assemblage is masculine, woman—lovely woman—is not unknown. Costumes are the reverse of elegant, and could the assemblage be set down bodily in the parlor of a great hotel in New York, it would be certain to produce a sensation.



ON THE PLAINS.—A STATION SCENE ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.



CALIFORNIA.—COLLISION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO RAILROADS.



IN SOON ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The telegraph and the locomotive, the latest triumphs of civilization, are rapidly changing the life of our Far Western region. The artist does well to catch these figures in our national kaleidoscope, that will be among the things that were in another decade. Twenty years ago, a journey from the Missouri River to San Francisco occupied nearly half a year, and was performed amid many hardships. Toiling day after day by the side of weary and slow-moving oxen, the traveler rarely made more than a hundred miles in a week; at night he slept in the open air, or beneath his wagon, with little shelter from the pitiless storms, and with his life in constant peril from the attacks of Indians. Suffering from hunger was frequent, and starvation far from unknown; the terrible alkali plains received the remains of many a traveler, and portions of the route were literally lined with the bones of cattle and horses that perished by the way. A journey over the plains was a formidable undertaking, that required great patience and endurance to accomplish.

Now all is changed. The shriek of the locomotive wakes the echoes along the slopes of the Sierras, through the cañons of the Wahsatch and the Black Hills, and his steady puffing is heard as he creeps along the mountain sides and brings the East and the West every day into more intimate relations. The six months' journey of twenty years ago is reduced to less than a week; the prairie schooner, as the white-topped emigrant wagon was not inaptly called, has passed away, and is replaced by the railway coach with all its modern comforts. Where once might made right, and the strongest held almost undisputed sway, governments have come into existence, and wholesome laws have taken the place of the code created and enforced by the rifle and the revolver. The Indian and the buffalo are fast disappearing, and the once unknown wild between the Missouri and the Sacramento is rapidly filling with settled population that will make the desert blossom like the rose, and form a broad link in the living chain that binds the great East to the great and far-away West.

ACCIDENT ON THE WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE sad catastrophe which occurred near Alameda, Cal., on Sunday, November 14, was the first of its kind in that State, and excited an intense feeling of horror. The accident was occasioned by a collision of the accommodation train of the San Francisco and Alameda Railroad with the overland train of the Western Pacific Railroad, which was using, temporarily, four miles of their track.

Five miles from its ferry landing the Alameda Railroad Company's track reaches Simpson's Station, where the track of the Western Pacific Railroad, when seven miles out from Oakland, switches into it. From this point, for the next four miles, the Western Pacific trains run over the San Francisco and Alameda Railroad Company's track. When near San Leandro the Western Pacific again joins the Alameda Railroad and branches off toward Vallejo Mills, where the Alameda Railroad continues on to Hayward's.

The morning was foggy, and the through train for the Atlantic left Oakland on time, consisting of six cars, drawn by the W. P. R. R. locomotive Sonoma, a heavy Mason engine, the train in charge of Conductor Gilmore. When it reached the switch where it entered on the strip of road in question, the engineer shut off steam, although running slowly, and asked the switch-tender if the Alameda train had passed down. The switchman answered the engineer, "All right; go ahead." This the engineer did, feeling certain that the train had passed. The engineer of the Sonoma, considering he now had the right of way, continued on slowly.

In the meantime the train of the Alameda Railroad Company had left Hayward's, drawn by the locomotive Frederick D. Atherton.

The collision took place near a shallow creek, where the fog had settled down unusually thick. The one engine was driven into the other, and both were smashed to pieces. The boilers were thrown to the right side, the smokestacks being thrown to the left. The Alameda train consisted of six cars, including the baggage-car, which was thrown up almost perpendicularly.

By the sudden crash the smoking-car of the Western Pacific train was driven back with such momentum that it was telescoped in the passenger-car in the rear, nearly filling it, wedging in a number of the passengers, some being instantly killed, and others barely escaping with their lives.

All possible assistance was rendered the wounded passengers; men on horseback were at once sent to San Leandro, Oakland and Alameda, and physicians from each place hurried to the spot.

The Alameda train was entitled to the track for twenty minutes longer, although five minutes behind time. The through train from Oakland should have waited at Damon's Station.



AND 104 TRAIN WITH THAT ON THE WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The early engine from Hayward's had passed down, and was probably mistaken by the station-master for the regular train and so both trains were on the track at the same time.

MOTHERLESS.

Love yields the tokens Time may not decay,
The heart will nurse them when its hopes
are fled,
And cheer their growth when joys are passed
away,
And fondly hide the treasures of the dead.

What are these tokens? memory can tell,
Uneasy wanderer through the sad, dim
past;
For thoughts that bring the form it loveth
well,
And these are they, though shadows only
last.

The words that sadden, but they spoke in joy,
The smile that starts, the tear it chased
away,
The song that gave delight without alloy,
When life's quick pulses stirred that sleeping
clay.

They come unbidden in the silent gloom,
To lay soft music on the aching brain;
To wind their beauty round the faded bloom,
And light the soul-star in its early wane.

But tears are precious in their healing power,
When hope springs from the soil on which
they fell;
Then I will welcome them for one short
hour,
And look back to the summer in the dell.

I love, at times, to bring once more to ken
The sweet, kind face that always smiled
on me;
I love to listen for that voice again,
Which seemed the gentler when it spoke of
THEE!

The times that were are gathered back to
God,
The thoughts they left my summons-call
shall be;

And her sweet love will light the path she
trod,
And deck the kingly crown that waits for
me.

Then I will rest my thoughts in sleep to-
night,
And rest the anxious heart those thoughts
have worn;
And I will go forth in the early light.
To meet her spirit in the blush of morn.

THE HUSBAND OF TWO
WIVES.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

It was over a week after Mark's arrival before Mrs. Burt caught more than a passing glimpse of him, though she made two errands up to "the house" for the express purpose of seeing him. But on both occasions he was out hunting or fishing, in which he seemed to spend most of his time.

Ben Wheeler was more fortunate; he had met Mark almost daily in the woods and fields. Mark liked Ben's frank, honest face, and the dry Yankee humor that betrayed him into so many odd speeches and expressions, and talked with him very freely.

Ben returned the liking, and was very enthusiastic in his replies to the many questions that were pried him by Mrs. Burt and her daughter.

"La, me! how you do run on!" said Amanda, with a toss of the head. "I'm sure Mason, who waits on the table, told our Katy that he is the most unmannerly cub he ever did see; that when Squire Jones and Doctor Grey called on him, he didn't know nothin' how to receive 'em as young gentlemen should, but acted as awkward as possible."

"Awkder!" quoth Ben, taking a huge bite out of the hunk of cheese in his hand, and nearly choking between it and his indignation; "pr'aps he is, when folks come to stare at him, as though he was a wild animal from the woods; but he knows a thing or two, for all that, that the squire an' doctor ain't up tow, grand as they feel! He's the greatest marksman I ever see yet; the other day he pointed his gun at a hawk, so fur away that he looked just like a speck a sailin' in the sky, an' jimmie! if it didn't drop at his feet like a flash of lightnin'! An' there ain't a hoss in the stable that he can't ride, not exceptin' Black Bess."

Mrs. Burt was clattering together the supper dishes, preparatory to their removal to the sink, but she did not lose a word of this.

"Bein' brought up in the country, I s'pose he takes natterally to sich things."

"He takes natterally to bein' an honest-hearted, hull-souled feller! He ain't no fool, nuther. I've allers noticed that these green, awkward youngsters make the best men, when they get growed; an' he ain't more'n eighteen yet, ef he's that."

"He'd show his smartness, if he had any, by 'sociatin' with people in his own persianion!" retorted Amanda, with an audible sniffle.

"Some folks don't seem ter know what their own persianion is," said Ben, dryly. "Mr. Mark is ruther shy of women, but I desay, ef he was to meet you, he'd treat you as well as if you was a born an' edicated lady."

Amanda always got the worst of it in sparing with Ben, as she well knew.

"A great deal you know about born an' educated ladies," she muttered, as she walked through the open door out upon the porch.

"You wouldn't know one if you should see her!"

"Pr'aps not," was the cool response; "but I think I know when I don't see her!"

If Mrs. Burt heard this, she took no notice of it; Ben was one of those who would say what he liked, and his services on the farm, especially at that season of the year, were much too valuable to be risked by any interference with his "freedom of speech."

But there was a dark, inscrutable look in her eyes, as she gazed after her daughter, and which told of deeper thoughts than the maternal pride called forth by her undeniably fine figure and complexion.

The next day, as Mrs. Burt was sprinkling some linen that was whitening on the grass, she heard the creaking of the well-pole as it dipped into the well near by.

As she raised her head, she saw a man standing on the curbstone, attired in a rough hunting-suit.

He raised the dripping bucket to his lips, taking a deep draught, with an evident sense of enjoyment.

As he turned round, he saw Mrs. Burt, who was now close to him.

"I beg pardon, ma'am; Ben Wheeler told me about the well, and so I came for a drink of water."

"You are welcome to the water, and to anything else that the Farm affords, Mr. Mark, as I think you must be. I've known the family too well not to make sure that you are a Fielding."

"Yes; I am Mark Fielding," said the young fellow, his eyes resting with a look of bashful admiration upon Amanda, who had come sauntering down the path, curious to know "who on earth ma was talking to."

"This is my daughter, Mr. Mark. Amanda, you're in luck; here is the young gentleman that you said yesterday you'd give so much to see."

"Oh, ma! how can you!" murmured Amanda, casting down her eyes with an air of blushing timidity, that was not only very charming to our hero, but had the effect of putting him quite at his ease.

"You're very kind, Miss Amanda, to think of me at all," he said, with a gallantry that he had never before attempted, and which surprised himself. "I'm only afraid you won't find enough to repay the trouble."

"Won't you just step into the house an' rest a bit?" said Mrs. Burt, "or, leastways, sit down on the piazza. You've had a long tramp of it, an' are lookin' hot an' tired. 'Mandy, run and bring the easy-chair out of the square-room."

"No, don't trouble yourself, miss; I'd rather have a seat here," said Mark, sitting down on the settle that ran nearly across the piazza, and looking around with a pleased and curious eye.

The signs of thrift and cleanliness on every side—the chickens peeping in the grass, the colts capering in the pasture below—all the busy sights and sounds of rural life and labor fell pleasantly on eye and ear, as his countenance testified.

Mark had removed his hat, and the eyes that were scanning stealthily the frank, boyish face were at no loss to learn the character it revealed.

"Many's the time I've seen your father on that same settle."

All Mark's remembrances of his father were of a pleasant and loving nature. His countenance lighted up with pleasure.

"You knew my father, then?"

Now, Mrs. Burt's knowledge of John Fielding was chiefly by hearsay, but it suited her purpose to pretend to a personal acquaintance, which she well knew there was no one to gainsay.

"Dear me! yes. An' I remember his looks so well. You favor him a good deal, though you look something like his mother, your gran'ther's first wife. A most excellent lady, I've heard people say who knew her; very different from the second Mrs. James Fielding. She died when I was a child, but I used to like to look at her portrait, it had such a sweet an' pleasant expression. I darsay you've seen it; it hangs in the library beside your gran'ther's—on the left side; the one on the right is in his second wife's, your uncle Thomas's mother."

"Yes; I asked old Giles to point out my own grandmother's portrait, and I could not turn my eyes from it for some minutes, the face was so fair and sweet. But I could not bear to look at the other one; it is handsome, but has such a hard, proud look; as hard and proud as my father said she was."

Amanda had seated herself on the steps, just opposite where Mark was sitting, and in full view of him, as she intended. And never did she show to better advantage the peculiar beauty with which she was endowed—a beauty which consisted of voluptuousness of outline and brilliance of coloring, rather than expression, and well calculated to make a strong impression upon an inexperienced boy, standing on the verge of manhood, his heart just awaking to the charms of womanly grace and loveliness.

The round, white arms and snowy shoulders were uncovered, her dress being much lower in the bosom than a modest woman would have worn; but Amanda was not at all inclined to be chary in her exposure of the charms with which nature had endowed her.

During the foregoing conversation Mark's eyes had often rested upon her face, a soft, languid fire springing up out of their black depths, not to be misunderstood by any, certainly not by the experienced woman who called it forth, or yet she who noted it with an exultant feeling at her heart, of which her face gave no token.

Well did Mrs. Burt know, as she looked upon Mark Fielding's face, that he inherited that susceptibility to female influence that had been the bane of his race, and which is a curse or a blessing, according as it is rightly or wrongly directed.

How sad it is to see that which is often allied to the noblest type of manhood, which is

in itself so pure and beautiful, thus perverted and abased, leading the inexperienced feet into the dark mazes of shame and sorrow.

Amanda was silent; her hands, as soft and white as the finest lady's in the land, were engaged in fashioning a wreath out of some flowers in her lap. But if her tongue was idle, not so her eyes, which no woman knew better how to use than she.

It was really a study to observe how bashfully she let the long lashes droop upon the crimson cheek, and then, when quite sure that he was observing her, suddenly raising them, shooting a swift, bewildering glance into the eyes of the enamored youth, and which he felt to the tips of his fingers.

Thus again and again their eyes met, his to be suddenly averted, while a flush of mingled shame and pleasure mounted to his forehead, only to be drawn thither, as if impelled by a fascination that he neither cared or was able to resist.

"Pr'aps Mr. Mark would like some of your posies, 'Mandy,'" suggested Mrs. Burt, anxious to break the spell of bashfulness that tied the tongue of her visitor.

"He's welcome to any of 'em," responded Amanda, glancing up archly into the eager eyes that were bent upon her face, not on the bunch of flowers that she held toward him.

The soft touch of her fingers, as she laid them in his hand, sent a shiver through his veins, and again the hot blood flushed up to the temples.

Amanda reddened, too, but it was from a feeling of mirth and gratified vanity. There was something so undisguised and boyish in his admiration, the passion that burned beneath was so openly manifested, that she had to bite her lips to keep from laughing outright.

Katy now came out with the curds and cider that Mrs. Burt had sent her for, and here Amanda had another opportunity to practice the coquettish wiles that were as natural to her as to breathe, when conversing with any of the opposite sex that she considered worth her notice.

"It's plain, homely farmer's fare, Mr. Mark," said Mrs. Burt, apologetically; "but I thought you might like a bite o' suthin' after such a long walk. Been clean over to Dyer's Woods, 'Mandy, only think on't!'"

Amanda's thoughts were evidently much less remote, as well as much more satisfactory to their object, as the eyes of both parties plainly testified.

"It's just what I like best," responded Mark, warmly. "I'm but a farmer's boy myself, as, perhaps, you have heard, and used to plain fare and plain people."

And whether it was the fair hands that waited on him, Mark thought that he had never tasted anything so delicious as the toaming cider and the rich, creamy curds that accompanied it.

At last, ashamed to linger longer, and yet loth to go, Mark arose.

"I hope, now that you've found the way, you'll come often, Mr. Mark," said Mrs. Burt, as she slowly descended the steps.

"I may come oftener than you'll want to see me," laughed Mark, stealing a furtive glance at Amanda.

"There ain't a bit o' danger of that, 'Mandy, pick Mr. Mark some of them blush-roses down by the gat; them that he has are all withered."

Amanda smiled as she glanced at the flowers that Mark held so carefully in his hand, and, nothing loth, walked with him down to the gate.

The bush that trailed over the fence was bending beneath its weight of buds, just bursting into bloom, making the air heavy with fragrance.

Conscious of the passionate gaze that was following her every motion, and yet, to all appearance, as unconscious as a child, Amanda selected a rose here and there.

Suddenly she gave a little scream. Whether by accident or design, a thorn had pierced her finger.

"What is it?" inquired Mark, startled from the dreamy languor that enthralled his senses.

"One of them ugly thorns," said Amanda, holding up the wounded finger.

"Dear me!"

But, however sorry Mark might be at this mishap, he was not sorry for the excuse it gave him to take her hand; neither did he feel half so much pain as pleasure as he did so, even when he saw the crimson drop that oozed from one of the fingers.

Plucking a plantain leaf that grew at his feet, he applied it to the wound.

As they stood thus, a sudden impulse came over Mark—such as he had never felt before in regard to any woman—to touch the soft, peachy cheek so near to his lips.

Then, abashed and frightened at his temerity, he dropped the hand and turned toward the gate, coloring as he met Amanda's surprised glance, lest she should have perceived, and be angry at the boldness of the thought.

Could he have known the half-provoked, half-contemptuous feeling with which she viewed his backwardness, he might have been spared any such fear.

As Mark leaped over the stile, preparatory to taking a short-cut homeward, he glanced back at Amanda, who stood leaning over the gate watching him. She nodded and smiled.

"By George! I ain't she a beauty, though!" was his inward exclamation. "She naked me to come again, and looked as if she meant it, too."

Then he remembered, with a feeling of satisfaction, that he had left his gun leaning against the well, and that it would be a good excuse for him to do so.

As Mark walked across the fields, the sky had never seemed so blue, the sunshine that fell around his path, so bright and glorious. The musical sound of bird and bee, the bursting bloom and beauty in nature around him were so in union with that so suddenly awakened within, as to invest it with new life and glory.

Born of the senses, guided by the blindest of all instincts, too often lavished on unworthy objects, there is nothing more fresh and innocent in itself than the love of a warm-hearted, imaginative boy. And its object is almost invariably a woman older both in years and experience.

Mark Fielding had taken his first draught of the red wine of love, and its intoxicating fumes had mounted to his brain, enthraling the senses in that brief but strong delirium, that carries all before it.

CHAPTER IX.—THE REVELATION.

Mrs. Burt had been in her daughter's chamber for the last hour. A round red spot was on either cheek, and the usually hard, cold eyes had a strange, fierce gleam in them.

"Now you know what your name and home orter have been, an' would be to-day, if you had your rights an' I mine. Now you know why I've set my heart on this thing."

Amanda had listened with eager interest to her mother's revelation, but now her face suddenly clouded.

"An' so you expect me to marry this—boy?"

"Man or boy, what does it matter?" was the impatient response. "I want you to marry the heir to the Fielding property."

"Providin' he'll have me, I s'pose?"

"He'll do that fast enough, if you manage right. I never see a man more in love yit."

Amanda glanced complacently at the mirror opposite.

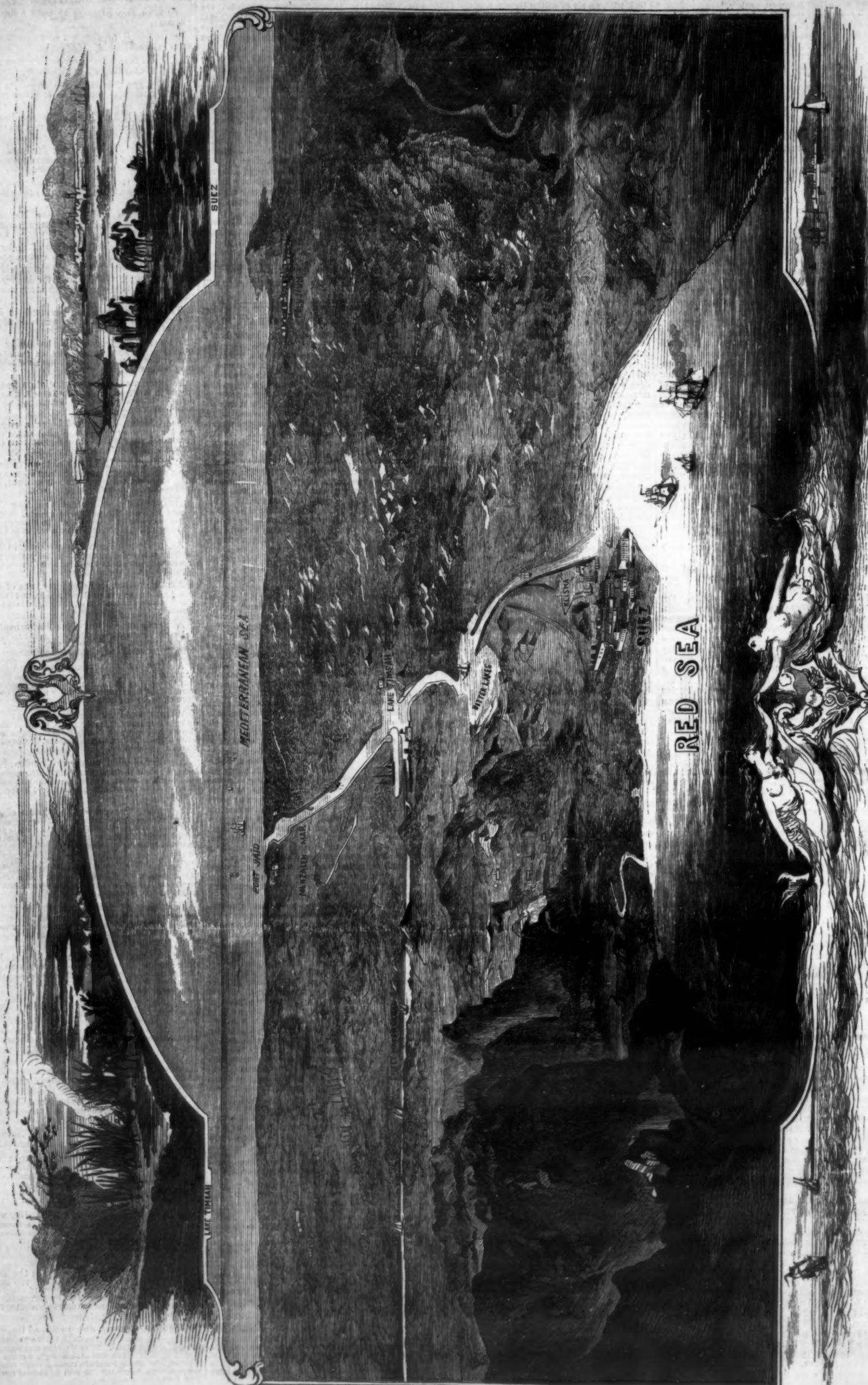
"But it won't do to dally with him, fur all that; he must be brought to the point as quick as possible. The hotter the fire the sooner it burns out. Besides, his guardian will be down here in a few weeks, an' then you won't have the ghost of a chance."

Amanda made no reply, but averted her eyes with a sullen scowl.

"I should relly like to know what you mean by actin' so, 'Mandy Burt!'" said her mother, impatiently. "Here's a chance for you to marry, sech as any other girl in their senses would jump at, an' you don't show the least mite of interest. I s'pose of 'twas that good-for-nothin' Will Parker—"

"I wish, for the land's sake, ma, that you'd let me alone about Will Parker. Him an' me hain't had nothin' to say to each other for six months. An' if I've told you so once I have twenty times!"

"I didn't s'pose you had any serous idee of havin' Will," said Mrs. Burt, soothingly; "you've got more sense. He hain't got gumption enough to take care of himself, much less a wife an' family. Bein' mistress of 'The Old Fielding Place' will, I guess, be quite another sort of thing



EGYPT.—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SUEZ CANAL FROM PORT SAID TO SUEZ.



SOUTHERN SCENE.—FIGHT FOR GARBAGE IN THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON BETWEEN THE SCAVENGERS (TURKEY-BUZZARDS) AND THE NEGROES.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

On page 212 is presented a bird's-eye view of the colossal work of Monsieur Lesseps, the great French engineer—the Suez Canal, that unites the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Red Sea, and literally makes of Africa an island, larger, it is true, than that other island lying far to the south and east of it, which geographers call Australia, the "sixth grand division of the globe." The Suez Canal is the realization of the dream of thousands of years. In the days of Herodotus it was spoken of as a work of urgent necessity, and yet a people who could build such vast superstructures as Cheops and its fellows, dared not attempt the mightier task of opening up to civilization and commerce this to be great highway of the nations of the Orient and of the Occident. Had the grand artificial river which unites the two great interior seas of the Eastern Hemisphere been constructed in the age of Psammeticus, what vast changes would have been brought about in the world's story! It was the want of this canal that impelled Columbus to seek, by sailing westward, a shorter passage to India and Cathay than that navigators followed around the extreme of Southern Africa; and it was, perhaps, its non-existence that impelled Alexander, the son of Philip, to send an exploring fleet around "the mysterious continent," that he might yet find other worlds to conquer. Had it been a highway in the days of Marco Polo, Venice might even now be the commercial mistress of the world, as well as Queen of the Adriatic. But it is mere speculation to speak of what, had it existed, "might have been." It is enough to hint that history would have told another tale of the world's progress had the rulers of Egypt, in the ages that are now shadowed in the gloom of tradition, built a canal, such as this one of the French engineer is, in their sands, instead of expending their wealth and energy on those enigmas of our day, the pyramids of the desert.

THE STREET SCAVENGERS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

To the stranger, not the least amusing and at times disgusting "sight" to be found, at all seasons, in a Southern city, is its feathered "scavenger," better known to Northerners by its English ornithological name—the Turkey-buzzard. This creature, by reason of its voracious appetite, which leads it to boldly enter the haunts of men, is more than ordinarily tame, and will, when pressed by hunger, struggle even with women and children for the offal that is thrown into the street or yard. Disgusting as is the "scavenger" in his person and habits, he is of prime necessity to large populations in the warmer climates of the continent. Without him disease would run riot among men; and because of this, if not as sacred as was the Ibis to the ancient Copt, he is held in some degree of respect. The Turkey-buzzard ranges over many degrees of latitude within and without the tropical zones, but his home seems to be nearer the coast lines of the countries the Frost King at rare intervals visits. He is particularly familiar to the shores of the Atlantic coast from the southern boundary

of Texas north to Wilmington, Delaware. The illustration elsewhere of this carrion-eater and its congeners is exceedingly truthful. The artist, in the spring of the present year, happening to be in Charleston, South Carolina, his attention was attracted to the immense number of "scavengers" that were gathered at the foot of Concord street, which the city was extending into the bay. He walked down to where the carts were dumping the rubbish gathered in the town. Here he saw negroes of all ages and of both sexes fighting the "scavengers" for such morsels of food as could be used by them for, perhaps, feeding their cats, dogs and chickens. Nor were the human bipeds always successful. At times the great

feathered monsters, whose name is a synonym for stupidity, would advance in force and literally drive their dusky opponents from the field, and again, with sticks and stones, the war was carried out of Africa into the ranks of the "scavengers," who, when overpowered, very reluctantly retreated from the dainty, to them, morsels that fell with other debris to the ground. These scavengers are particularly useful in the vicinity of the markets. They gather in clusters on the neighboring rooftops, and watch with their hawk-eyes for whatever is thrown away as unfit for human food, and on the instant spread their dusky wings and sweep down to gorge on the unsavory morsels. The Turkey-buzzard is a dirty-looking creature, but

he is useful, and in the cities of the South has well earned for himself the title of "scavenger."

THE LATE AMOS KENDALL.

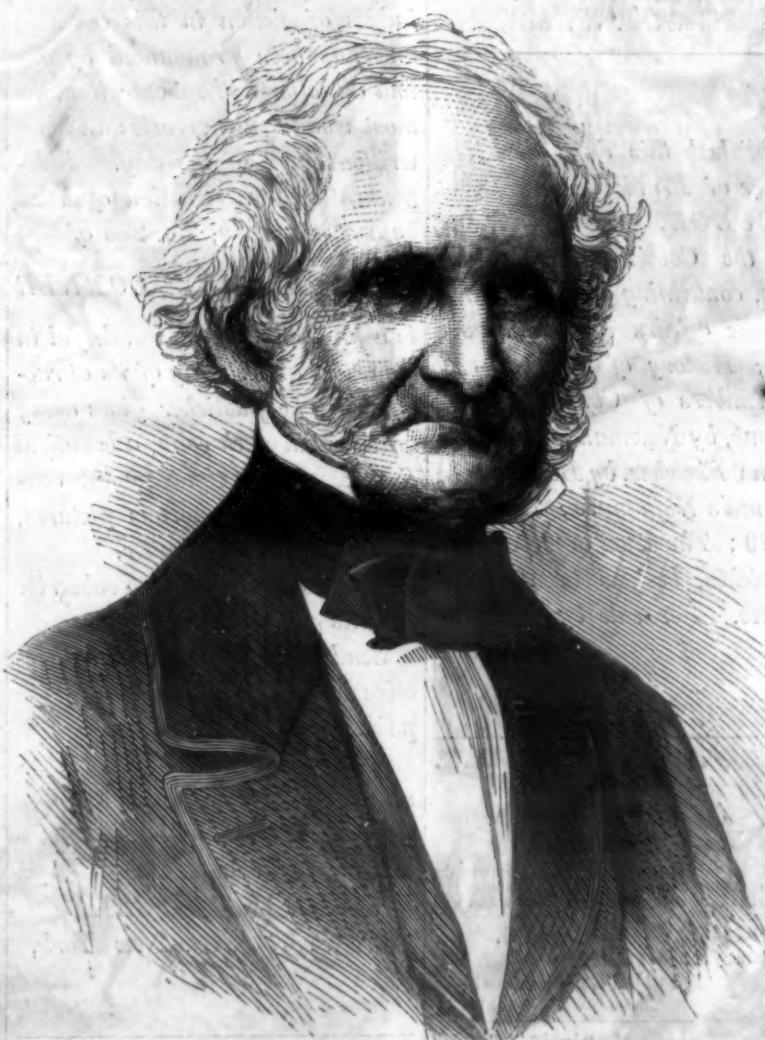
The Hon. Amos Kendall, Ex-Postmaster General, and an able editor, lawyer, politician and author, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on Friday, November 12. He was born at Dunstable, Mass., August 16, 1789. He worked upon his father's farm until he was sixteen years of age, when he began to prepare himself for college, and in about a year was admitted to Dartmouth College. During his college life, which lasted until 1811, he supported himself entirely by teaching school. After graduating, he studied law in Groton, Mass., and was duly admitted to the bar. In 1814 he settled in Lexington, Ky., but subsequently removed to Georgetown, where he became postmaster, practiced law, and edited a newspaper. His writings attracted attention, and in 1816 he accepted a position on the staff of *The Argus of Western America*, the State journal at Frankfort. He advocated the measures of the Democratic party, taking, too, a special interest in the common schools, and securing the passage of an act to district the State, and set apart one-half the profits of the Bank of the Commonwealth as a school fund. During the Presidential contest of 1824 Mr. Kendall was a warm supporter of General Jackson, and when he took the Presidential chair, Kendall was called to Washington as Fourth Auditor of the Treasury. Here his influence was soon felt, and, augmented by his own natural secretiveness, he soon came to be looked upon as the secret spring which moved the Presidential pen, and, perhaps, also the Presidential will.

In 1835 Mr. Kendall was placed at the head of the Post Office Department. His administration here was very successful. He freed the department from debt, and induced Congress to adopt an organization which has continued with little change up to the present time. He left the Cabinet in 1840, and was no longer heard of in public life. President Polk offered him a foreign mission, but it was not accepted. Since 1845 he has had the management of Professor Morse's interest in the American telegraph. In addition to this duty, he devoted much time to a history of Andrew Jackson's life and administration, but the work has never been published.

THE COLOSSAL IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

"PASSING through an enclosing grove of evergreens (writes Pompey in his "Journey Round the World,") we came into a large open space paved with flagstones. In the centre of this is the image. It represents Buddha sitting, in the Oriental manner, on a lotus. It is of bronze, fifty feet high, and ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, and is raised on a pedestal five or six feet from the ground.

"We had all come expecting to see some grotesque idol, and we were therefore pleasantly surprised when, instead of this, we found ourselves admiring a work of high art. It is Buddha in Nirvana. The sculptor has succeeded in impressing upon the cold metal the essence



THE LATE AMOS KENDALL, EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KRAFT.

of the promise given by Sakyamuni to his followers; a promise which has been during more than twenty centuries the guiding hope of countless millions of souls. This is the doctrine of the final attainment of Nirvana—the state of utter annihilation of external consciousness—after ages of purification by transmigration.

"Both the face, which is of the Hindoo type, and the attitude, are in perfect harmony with the idea intended to be expressed. I felt that I saw for the first time, and where I least expected it, a realization, in art, of a religious idea. No Madonna on canvas, or Christ in marble, had ever been other to me than suggestive, through the aid of an acquaintance with the subjects treated. The Buddha of Kamakura is a successful rendering of a profound religious abstraction."

"The head is covered with small knobs, representing the snails which tradition says came to protect Buddha from the heat of the burning sun."

"This image, which was made about six hundred years ago, was cast in sections of a few square feet of surface each, and an inch or more thick, and when put together, the joints were fitted so closely that now, after the lapse of centuries, they can be detected only where the weather has made them visible in the discoloration."

"The statue is hollow, and has in the interior a temple with many small images of the Buddhist pantheon. Many of these without the lotus, would in a Romish church, have passed for representations of the Virgin."

In reply to a paper which called General Sherman "the coming man," a Georgia journal says "he hopes he is not coming that way again."

A COFFIN-MAKER, having apartments to let, pasted his bills upon the collars in the window, announcing: "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

"Lenny, you're a pig," said a father to his little five-year-old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lenny?"

It is related that a Chinaman, in order to cure a sick son, offered up various things to a certain wooden idol, and as the son died, the father commenced suit in the court against the idol, and a judgment of the court had the "fellow's" head cut off.

"Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow," said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of hard cider at a single draught?"

As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied: "I beg pardon, madame, but upon my soul it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."

The following hit at the water-cure was made by Charles Lamb, and none but himself could have made so quaint a conceit:

"It is," said he, "neither new nor wonderful; for it is as old as the deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

THE perfumes of Eugene Rimmel, of Paris and London, have obtained great celebrity in the United States, as well as all over the civilized and uncivilized world, that enterprising perfumer having his special representatives even in China, Japan, India and the Brazils, where, as in this country, the name of Rimmel is identified with his delicious perfume, Ilang-Ilang. Three years ago this exquisite scent was unknown here, but its immense popularity to-day shows how fully American ladies can appreciate a really first-class perfume. Monsieur Rimmel has lately added a new odor to his already long list of extracts, and Vanda, a delightful perfume, distilled from the Javanesse flower of that name, is rapidly becoming a favorite with the fair sex. But it is not only in perfumes for the handkerchief that Rimmel is famous, as we notice his Costume Crackers are used in the German at every recherche gathering, in preference to the innumerable imitations of those articles with which the public have of late been favored, while his bijou Perfumed Almanac for 1870 is more beautiful and fragrant than any of its predecessors, and proves that in all things Monsieur Rimmel, like the master of his art that he is, considers "a thing of beauty to be a joy forever."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.—Kimmel & Foster, of New York city, have, since the last holidays, been catering for the amusement of the young folks, and, in addition to their beautiful Paper Dolls, Flags of all Nations, etc., have published this year a very beautiful and amusing floral game, consisting of upward of fifty elegant flowers, colored after Nature. They can be formed into bouquets and wreaths in endless variety. Also the Boy Doll, with various change of costume, which can be instantaneously changed, thus transforming the warlike Zouave into the lover, sportman, skater, etc., etc. Also the Dissected Animal Game. This is a very amusing puzzle, and can be played by from two to six persons, and suitable for old or young. We have seen them, and believe they will conduce much to the amusement and pleasure of the youth of both sexes.

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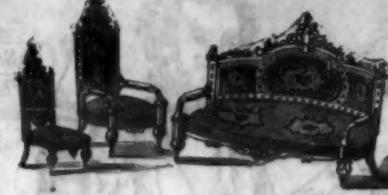
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